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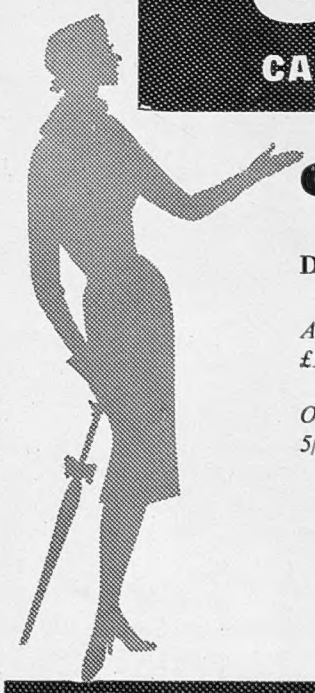

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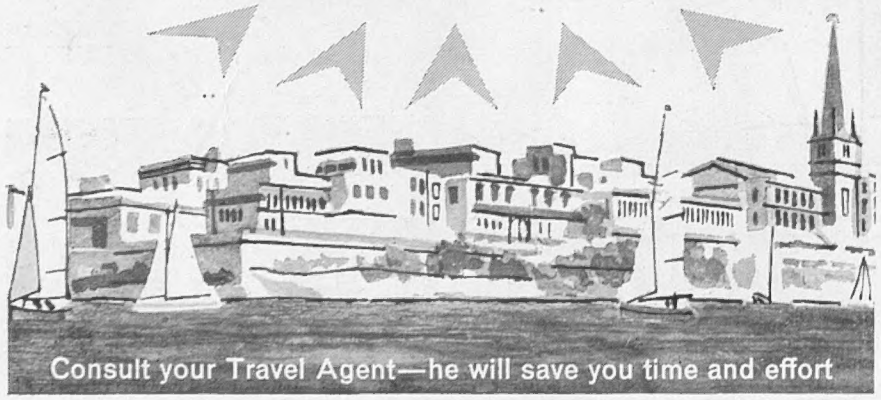

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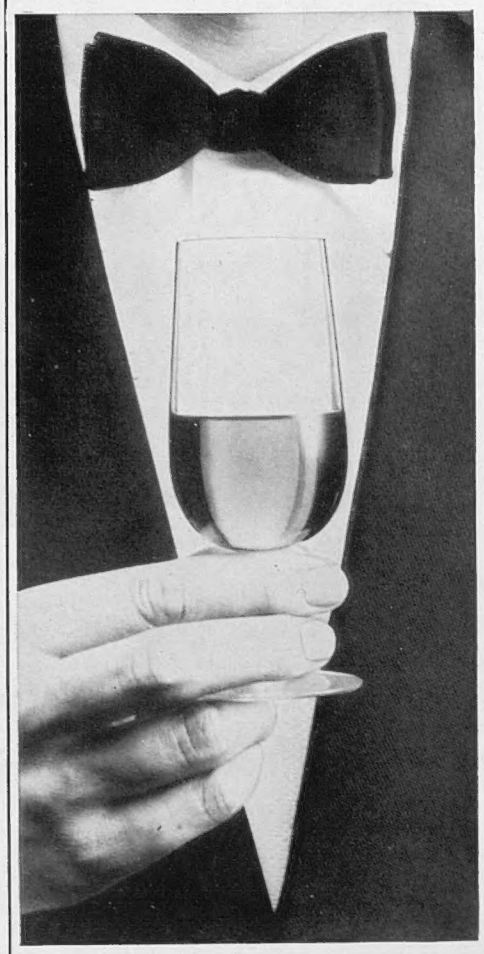
A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS



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JUVENIA

Volume CCXXXIX No. 3096

The SPHERE, London, October 3, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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MR. MACMILLAN CAMPAIGNS—SPEAKING IN HIS CONSTITUENCY: During an election meeting at the Girls' County Grammar School, Nightingale Lane, in his Bromley (Kent) constituency, Mr. Macmillan raises his fist to emphasise a point. The Conservative leader, who was engaged in a tour of the country, answered questions from a crowd of about 500. He said the Conservatives would appoint a committee to review the Companies Act. In recent months there has been a succession of take-over bids.

Both Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Gaitskell during the first week of the election campaign started on long tours of the country, while Mr. Grimond canvassed vigorously in the Orkney Islands. It appeared that the Conservatives' plan was to aim at a quiet election. Mr. Macmillan reiterated the slogans of "Stick to the facts" and "Performance not promises." In reply, Mr. Gaitskell and Transport House chose to concentrate on home affairs rather than foreign and colonial policy. Pensions became an important issue, closely followed by take-over bids. The Labour Party leader said one of the evils of the bids was vast tax-free capital gains. Tax on these gains would, according to Transport House, help to finance the programme of social reform, outlined by Labour speakers. One of the promises is an increase of 10s. in widows' pensions. A feature of the election campaigning has been the much greater use of television. Early this week opinion still seemed to favour a Conservative victory in the polling on Thursday next, but it was thought the result might be much closer than was at first estimated. (Further pictures of the campaign on pages 4-7 and 13.)

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MR. MACMILLAN'S ELECTION TOUR: *Left*—During a fifteen-hour tour from Birmingham to Swansea, the Prime Minister and Conservative Party Leader smiles at the crowds greeting in Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire. He assured farmers of the Conservatives' continued support by way of guaranteed subsidies and prices. *Right*—Mr. Macmillan acknowl an enthusiastic reception from the crowds on his arrival at Manchester Central Station at the start of his election tour. Nearly 7,000 people listened to him speak at Belle

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C

For This Relief . . .—It was with a sigh of relief that I reckoned out that before the next issue of the "Newsletter" is on the table, the votes of the General Election will have been cast, if not counted and published. Nothing therefore which I could write about the election after this current issue could influence the election. Not that I have any reason to suppose that anything I have written in the past fortnight could have done so, and for the best of reasons—I have not tried. As elections go, it has not been outrageously conducted. We must always expect the "big and little loaf" technique and expect the parties to select the most promising sections of the electorate for their baits. We have no grounds for branding any of the party-organisers with abnormal slickness. The public is better educated than it was twenty years ago and has shown its dislike of being underrated intellectually. In any case, the bulk of the voters probably realise clearly enough that no Government which wins power by glittering promises can implement them as free gifts. If the elderly are lured by promises of long years of retirement on pensions soaring to £500 a year, they realise that they themselves must contribute heavily to them, work, while they work, far harder to justify them on increased productivity, and, if that increase is not attained, must find that their new pensions buy no more goods and services than their present. The electorate, too, sees through "sob stuff" appeal. Because the Socialists shed tears over the plight of the elderly, all voters do not brand all Tories as inhuman sadists. The voter knows enough to realise that social benefits must be nicely adjusted to avoid the more terrible affliction of inflation.

Decency and Security—If, broadly, I loathe and detest these crude pre-election propaganda campaigns, I accept it that British politics are, in the main, decent and our politicians in the main sincere and honourable. I have never overrated their abilities. Their mistakes and miscalculations glare out from the pages of history, but I am sure they try and are not solely ambitious for place and power or put their country last. And, indeed, in their crude election pamphlets, I have found here and there attractive and, I think, reasonable and desirable reforms. No doubt the loss to the Revenue from tax-dodgers and swollen expense accounts is exaggerated, but I think the Tories had been wise to promise more attention to those dodgers; and I think, too, they might have taken a last-minute note from the Liberals' little ewe-lamb, and promised a rationing of hereditary titles and broadcast Honours as a practical proof of their genuine desire for that equality of opportunity they claim to forward. For equality must not only be done but be seen to be done. And with this tolerant review, I begin to close my election campaign commentary. I hope the best side may win; that is the side best fitted to carry us over the next five years.

The Little Word—The *Daily Mail's* National Opinion Poll announced that by the middle of the election campaign the Tories' "lead" had been reduced from 7 to 3½ per cent. Whatever the value of these opinion polls, the announcement no doubt decided many candidates on the Tory side to redouble their efforts, and that perhaps was why the *Daily Mail* splashed the tell-tale figures. Certainly, complacency is no attitude of mind with which to fight a post-war election, and such expressions as "in the bag" are to be deplored on the lips and in the columns of the Party's supporters. I am almost inclined to shudder when Mr. Macmillan and his confrères list and simplify the jobs they will begin to do for our welfare after the poll. The god of chance is entitled to demand the little qualifying word "If," if only as a gesture of humility and as a proof that recent lessons in political history have not been forgotten. Meanwhile, let us observe how much harm can be done to vital causes by rash or ill-mannered words from comparatively unimportant people. It is hard on humanity if an outside chance of progress towards nuclear disarmament should be killed by ill-mannered words spoken by a person of no importance. It is best *if* the fate of civilisation lies in the hands of calm, balanced men of few words. Such men are rare, and when quick-tempered men hold the keys, their failings should be remembered. The weak points of advanced democracy are most clearly seen in world diplomacy and East-West relations, where every man is entitled to say what he pleases, and his utterances can be headlined and given importance. But even in the microcosm of a General Election in a "second-class-power" nation, a thoughtless phrase by a person of no importance can shift a lot of votes; and an election campaign is a field-day for light-headed spouting.

Dissolution Honours—The Dissolution Honours recommended by the Premier were few and unexceptionable. Mr. James Stuart, the Prime Minister's brother-in-law, was clearly marked out for a U.K. peerage, having to his credit a very long record of service for the Conservative Party. To "balance" any suggestion of nepotism, Mr. Herbert Morrison's life-peerage is welcome to all, and fitting. His parliamentary experience and his selfless service in politics marked him out as exactly the type of man designed to benefit the nation and Parliament by this extension of his usefulness with a life-peerage. It seems that he needed persuasion to accept the honour. Sir Charles MacAndrew, in his capacity of Chairman of Ways and Means, has served the House as impartially and efficiently as that other Mr. Morrison, the late Speaker, who will no doubt go to the other place with his namesake, and with the customary U.K. viscountcy, when the new Parliament assembles. Dame Florence Horsbrugh, who is seventy, was the first woman to hold Cabinet rank in a Tory Governm and her labours in the cause of education deserve honour of joining the ranks of the women life-peers. veterans, therefore, of ripe experience and fine record strengthen the Upper House and not greatly increa average age. Its average of wisdom, good sense experience was already high enough. What it lacks to-day is power to enforce its views for any appre time. The Liberal Party, gravelled for lack of glitt new matter to promise the electorate, have selected th me) not unattractive criticism of the continued, illogica unnecessary creation of hereditary titles in a demo boasting equal opportunity for all. But they cannot much to quarrel with in the Dissolution Honours, an Liberal candidate who branded all Tories as snobs o shocking evidence that Mr. Heathcoat Amory was p graphed in a snapshot which included "an honoura lieut.-colonel, a knight and an earl," was perhaps cr an extinct mammoth from a very small fragment of

Manners Makyth Man . . . and na Moreover, according to Sir John Latham, former Justice, speaking in Sydney, the lack of manners us an Empire. Some of our Empire-builders and Co servants have in the past so arrogantly treated Asians the British-accepted idea of Britain's moral leade

A NOVEL ROAD-DEFROSTING SYSTEM IN EDINBURGH: Workmen are laying the section of a mesh of electric cable under the road surface of the Mound. 70 miles of cable will be laid. It is stated that this is the first time such a s has been installed in the roads of the United Kingdom. The Mound, separ East and West Princes Street Gardens, leads to the old part of Edinb

MR. GAITSKELL IN ESSEX: He addresses the crowd from a platform in the market square of Braintree. The Labour Party leader in his speeches in Essex, which formed part of his swiftly-moving 2,000-mile tour throughout the country, switched the emphasis of his campaign from Foreign to Home Affairs.

THE CANDIDATE FOR WOODFORD: Sir Winston Churchill leaves after adoption as Conservative candidate. At 84, he is not the oldest candidate but the senior in terms of elections, having first campaigned in 1899.

as come to be totally rejected by Asians (and others), nd in that collapse of an idea, an Empire fell with it. hese are hard words and perhaps exaggerated. Yet there s a parallel to be found in our present domestic shortage n England. Wars, economic stresses and the motor ndustry would inevitably have produced that shortage nd the unpopularity of domestic service, but it was astened by the bad manners shown to their servants by he Edwardian new-rich snobs who aped the splendours f the old aristocracy of that day. Relations between the lder aristocracy and their retainers were happy, loyal and lways inspired with dignity, understanding and pride and oyalty. The new-rich snobs let the system down. And s locally, so globally. According to Sir John, there are ow only two Great Powers. Britain as a Power is down nd out. All the same, these two surviving Great Powers ave not always shown of late years that good manners re the key to greatness. They have relied also on the tom bomb and flesh-creeping threats and sometimes nsults. But, in the main, I agree with Sir John's con- ention. The manners of some of our Empire-builders owards what they held to be subject races hastened the reak-up of our Empire. Some may say that the pen- ulum has swung too quick and too far in the reverse irection, and that nowadays Britons are too humble nd too anxious to admit their own inferiority to nations ot yet very experienced in self-government. If that is a haracteristic fault of our race, to swing from one extreme oo quickly to the other (and too late), it is a fault in the ight direction. The modern world has as yet no glimmer f understanding that good manners and civilised ehaviour could solve half our most urgent and obstinate roubles.

V.I.P.s and Democracy—Princess Alexandra's isit to Australia partly coincided with the Khrushchev amily visit to America. Both the young Princess and he tough dictator learned a good deal about the reception ccorded to V.I.P.s in different countries. The Princess had ome anxious moments in Australia. It is safe to say she as never "jostled" in England, where Royalties are amiliar figures. There was no doubt about the warmth f her welcome in Australia, where princesses are a rarity, nd any jostling she received was due to over-mastering ublic interest in a rare migrant. The Queen had a imilar experience at a public ball in Canada. Perhaps, ecause we are more used to Royal occasions in England, ur planning and organisation of Royal occasions is more ffective, and no doubt in the Old Country notions of emocracy are still rather less advanced than in America nd Australia. As for Mr. K., he was far more closely uarded from the public than was the Princess, yet he eceived one or two unexpected and hitherto unexperienced roofs of democracy in full bloom. Mr. K. is not trained o receiving a "grilling" from reporters in his own ountry and is not yet able to smile them off with good umour, as U.S.A. Presidents learn to do. In short, oth the Princess and Mr. K. will have carried back o their own countries some useful lessons of what full- cale democracy entails for V.I.P.s and rare birds. The rathie Kirk peep-show is, comparatively, controlled and espectful.

Grivas—General Grivas is surely an example and warning to dictators that power corrupts. It corrupts he soul. Many good and balanced men who have ielded great power have found it hard to lay it down and retire to private life. With men who lack balance of mind, the corruption may spread with terrible swiftness while the appetite for power and publicity grows ever greater. This man, through his own strong personality or the mass madness that is bred of all movements for independence, enjoyed a period of hero-worship, not only among his followers in Cyprus but in Greece; and when the bitter troubles were at last ended (as it was hoped, permanently), he received a hero's welcome from the Greek nation and high rewards from the Greek Government. These events took place "only the other day." Yet since then, he has split from Makarios, rejected the settlement, shown the bitterest animosity and jealousy of the Premier, offered to head a counter-revolution in Greece to rid the nation of "corruption and injustice and weak government", and by all accounts is to-day the victim of a persecution mania which makes him see in every other rival or leading figure in Greek and Cypriot politics the author of a foul plot against his own life. This surely is one of the swiftest workings-out of the penalties of power in undisciplined hands and the quickest implementation of an older and even more authoritative warning of the fate of those who take the sword ruthlessly.

Drought and Heath Fires—

Three fire warnings per day have been the average since I took up residence in the New Forest, where there has as yet been no water famine. Indeed, just below the surface in many parts of the Forest it is still soggy in that area of springs and bogs. In Devon and Cornwall for some time the hooters have wailed non-stop and the firemen work a twelve-hour day. Last week there were twenty-five fires raging at one time in the area controlled by the Exeter Fire Service. Truro could say the same: "Nine calls in a single day"—and one or two fires in their third day. One day in the peak of the heat-wave, a single fire headquarters answered forty-eight calls. Matches thrown down still burning, glowing cigarettes thrown from cars, fires lit to boil kettles or "for fun" account for much of the damage done in the tourist season. If the dry spell continues beyond it, refraction from the trippers' broken bottles may still cause outbreaks, while the sun's power remains. I have been greatly impressed this summer by the efficiency of our rural fire services. The common sense and decency of the trippers has been less impressive, though that does not apply to organised boys' camps; most of these boys are clearly disciplined in camp-life and alive to the beastliness of litter and the dangers of heath fires.

Defeat of the Starlings—

"Elementary, my dear Watson." At last, it seems, a device has been thought out, and tried out, on the West Portico of St. Paul's, which has proved 100 per cent. effective in scaring away the hordes of pigeons and starlings which for decades have befouled famous public buildings in London to a depth of a foot of concrete excreta. The birds laughed at earlier devices—stuffed owls, counterfeit snakes, itching powders and drugs. Then at last some genius (in Birmingham, I believe) remembered the ticking electrified wire which keeps sheep, cattle and pigs penned in country places. With no great expense after installation, this copper-wire system comes alive every other second and gives a smart but non-lethal shock to any bird which seeks to perch. The rush for copper wire should now be tremendous. The grand old Duke of York will soon be as unsullied on his column as in his reputation as a war leader and a Royal prince. Nelson will be saved from drowning, St. Paul's totally immunised, and all the great public and business buildings in the danger area equipped to beat the starlings. Let us rename London Starlingrad. Why did our experts wait so long before "going to the country" to find a cure for this major evil of great cities? Why did it take so many centuries to discover the laws of gravity from a falling apple or the powers of vaporised hot water from a kettle?

THE OLD STAGER

THE OPENING OF THE RESTORED PLYMOUTH GUILDHALL: Lord Montgomery addresses a large crowd in the main hall on Thursday of last week. (Further pictures of Plymouth Guildhall on page 18.)

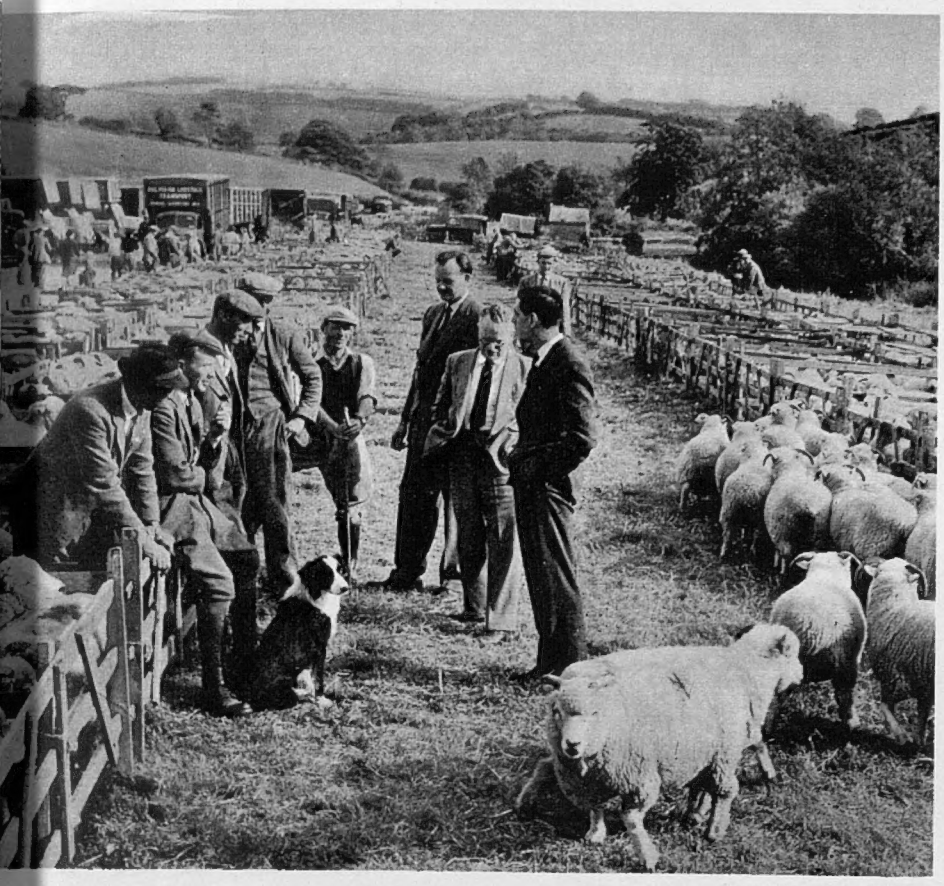
A TOUR OF THE NORTHERN TOWNS: Mr. Macmillan addresses the crowd outside Stockport Town Hall. He visited Bury, Heywood, Middleton, Oldham, Hyde and Stockport moving on to Wolverhampton and Birmingham. He forecast a bright future for the cotton industry in Lancashire, saying that assistance worth £50,000,000 or £60,000,000 do some good." Mr. Macmillan's theme, as he toured Lancashire in a blue open car, was "Performance, not promises." Throughout his tour, he was greeted by large c

ELECTION CAMPAIGNS

Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Gaitskell on Their Tours of Country; Other Candidates in Their Constituenc

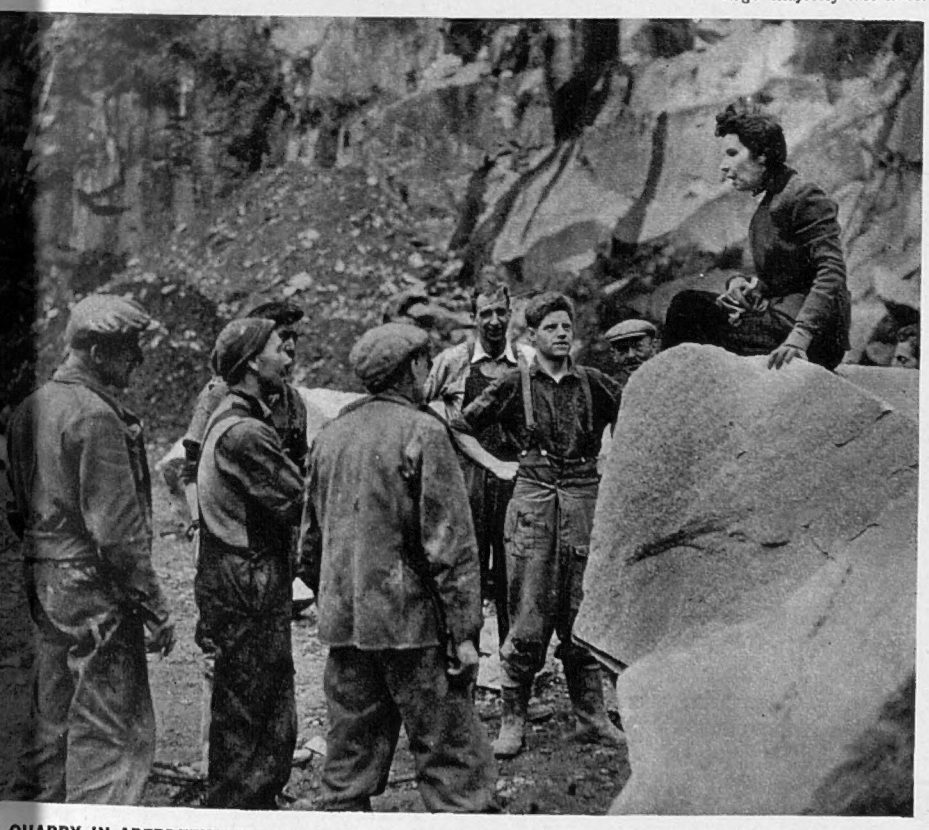
MAKING A POINT AT PETERBOROUGH: In the Northamptonshire town, Mr. Gaitskell gesticulates as he addresses an open-air meeting. During his tour of the Midlands, the Labour leader strongly attacked illegal spending on expense accounts. He claimed £250,000,000 a year was being spent in this way.

MR. BEVAN AT BLACKBURN: The Labour Party Shadow Foreign Se is seen with Mrs. Barbara Castle after speaking at a meeti attacked Conservative Party policy over the National Health



AMONG THE SHEEP: At the Exford Sheep Fair in Somerset, Mr. E. Du Cann (on the right of the group), Conservative candidate for Taunton, talks to the farmers. Nominations closed last Monday with a total of 1,536 candidates. Polling takes place on Thursday next, Oct. 8.

On left—
IN LONDON: Dr. David Pitt, who comes from the West Indies, and is the Labour candidate for the Hampstead constituency, listens to inhabitants of the Camden Road area. Dr. Pitt is opposed by Mr. Henry Brooke, the Conservative Minister of Housing, who had a large majority last time.



QUARRY IN ABERDEENSHIRE: Mrs. E. Dangerfield, Liberal candidate for South Aberdeen, sits on a block of granite 400 ft. below ground in the Rubislaw Quarry. The Conservatives had a 7,000 majority at South Aberdeen in 1955. There are over 150 Liberal candidates in the field this year.

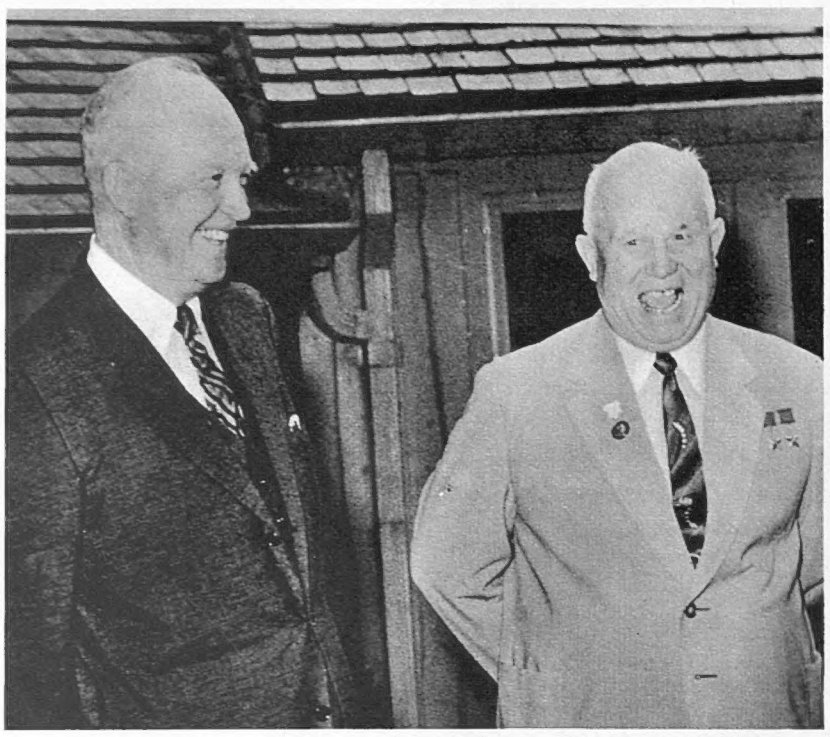
LORD HAILSHAM AT WATFORD, HERTFORDSHIRE: The chairman of the Conservative Party speaks in front of a background of posters. Foreground is his nine-year-old son. Lord Hailsham is in charge of the Conservative election machine.

AN ELECTIONEERING BUS: Mr. Morgan Phillips (right), secretary of the Labour Party, shakes hands with the driver of the Labour Party bus outside Transport House, in London, before the vehicle started on its propaganda tour.

Mr. Khrushchev in the United States

THE FINAL STAGES

From the Middle West to Washington and Private Talks at Camp David



THE CLIMAX OF THE TOUR: Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev stand outside Aspen Lodge at Camp David, the American President's retreat in Maryland. Isolated from the outside world by cordons of security guards, they spent the last two days of Mr. Khrushchev's visit in private talks.

Mr. Khrushchev flew home from Washington last Sunday night at the conclusion of his ten-day tour of America which had been watched with the closest attention throughout the world. The real business of the visit, however, was conducted away from the public gaze in the fastness and isolation of President Eisenhower's mountain retreat at Camp David, in Maryland. Definite information about the talks was scant. The official communique stated that the general disarmament question, and the problem of Berlin and Germany were discussed at length. It was agreed that negotiations over Berlin should be reopened. This might require a Summit Conference. The communique also announced that President Eisenhower's visit to Russia had been postponed from the late autumn to next spring.

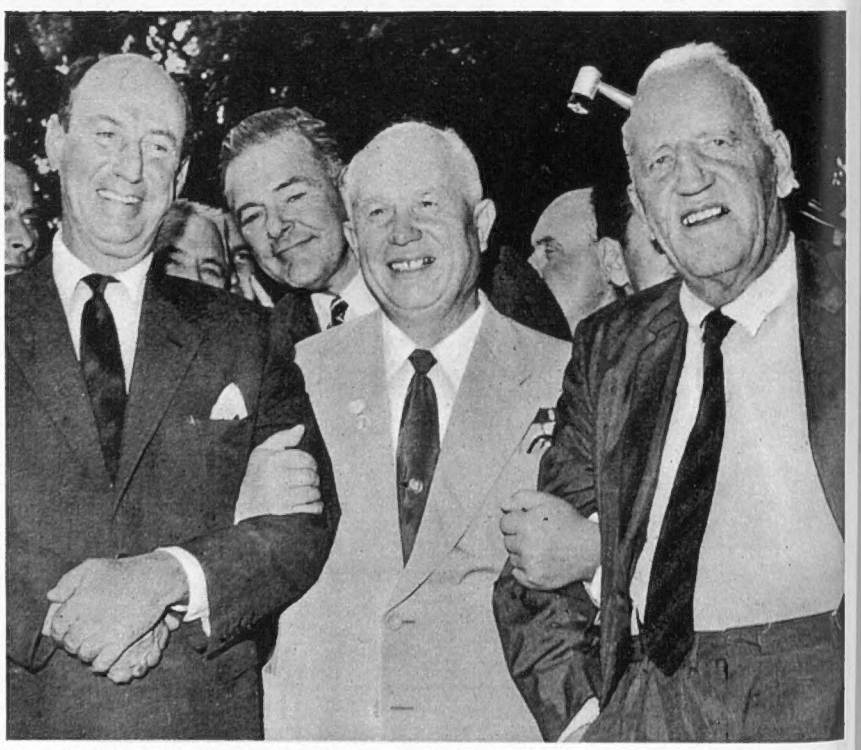
Many commentators believed that Mr. Eisenhower's trip to Moscow might be dependent upon some progress being made over Berlin at a high-level conference. It was pointed out that in his radio and television broadcast shortly before he left America, Mr. Khrushchev seemed to have made little change in his views on how the German questions should be resolved. (*See also pages 14-15*).

SETTING OUT FOR THEIR PRIVATE TALKS: President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev board a helicopter in the grounds of the White House, in Washington, to fly to Camp David. The communique issued after their private talks indicated that considerable time had been devoted to discussion on Berlin and the German question in general. It was agreed that the Berlin negotiations should be reopened. A Summit Conference might be held for this purpose. This would be held before Mr. Eisenhower's visit to Russia. He would go to Moscow in the spring instead of the late autumn, as was previously arranged.

On left—

WELCOME IN IOWA: The Soviet Premier acknowledges the greetings from the large crowd in Des Moines. In the left foreground, wearing a fur hat, Mrs. Herschel Loveless, wife of the Governor of Iowa, is shaking hands with Mrs. Khrushchev. Behind them is Mr. Lodge, U.S. Ambassador to U.N.

A LUNCHEON FOR MRS. KHRUSHCHEV: The Soviet Premier's wife poses with Mrs. Nixon, the U.S. Vice-President's wife, in Washington. While Mr. Khrushchev was at Camp David, Mrs. Khrushchev gave a Press conference in the American capital.



ON A FARM IN THE MIDDLE WEST: At Coon Rapids, Mr. Khrushchev links arms with Mr. Adlai Stevenson (left), Democratic contender for the Presidency in 1952 and 1956, and Mr. Roswell Garst, the American agriculturist, whose farm the Russian Premier visited.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE JASPER INCIDENT: Shareholders and depositors stand outside State House, the head office of the State Building Society, in Upper Brook Street, Mayfair. After it was learned that the building society, which, while not a member of the companies controlled by H. Jasper and Company, was involved in the affairs of the group, people gathered at the head office to make inquiries about the safety of their investments. Requests for withdrawals were refused. A Board of Trade inquiry had been ordered into the affairs of the 450-company group. Mr. Friedrich Grunwald, a solicitor and managing director of several of the companies, was in Israel when inquiries into the group's affairs started.

GERMAN MINERS IN A PROTEST MARCH: In Franken Square, Bonn, the workers assemble to begin their march through the West German capital. Coming from the industrial Ruhr, the crowd, carrying flags and banners, was estimated to number about 60,000. The demonstration was well-organised and was carried out without any violence. The miners' grievances, already well voiced by their leaders throughout the Federal Republic, are that pits have been closed and workers dismissed despite promises made by Dr. Adenauer to the contrary. In common with most European mining countries, Western Germany has huge stocks of coal for which there is only a small market.

On right—

THE MURDERED PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON: Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike died on September 25, the day after he had been shot by two gunmen outside his home in Colombo. He had been Prime Minister of Ceylon since 1956. Mr. Bandaranaike was receiving two men dressed in the robes of Buddhist monks among his usual crowd of morning callers when they whipped out revolvers and shot him.

On left—

SUCCESSOR TO MR. BANDARANAIKE: Mr. Wijeyananda Dahanayake, Minister of Education in the Ceylon Cabinet, was sworn-in as Prime Minister a few hours after the death of Mr. Bandaranaike. He was reported as stating that he intended to continue with his predecessor's policies. A state of emergency throughout Ceylon had already been declared by the Governor-General before Mr. Dahanayake took office. Last Sunday two men alleged to have been concerned in the shooting were charged in court and remanded in custody.

BOYS CLIMB THE WETTERHORN: Mr. John Fearon, a London solicitor (kneeling), and his two sons, Timothy, aged eight (left), and Patrick, twelve, pose on the Swiss mountain's summit. With them are their three Swiss guides—from the left, Samuel Brawand; L. Baumann, and Hans Rubi. Mr. Fearson's grandfather, Mr. Francis Fearon, was the first man to scale the Wetterhorn—on September 25, 1859—and the climb was made to commemorate this feat. Timothy is believed to be the youngest person ever to have climbed the mountain. The boys had had, till the Wetterhorn, no real mountaineering experience. Their mother watched them through a telescope from an hotel. In 1902 two of Mr. Fearon's uncles were killed while climbing the 12,160-ft.-high peak. One of the Swiss guides, Samuel Brawand, is the grandson of the guide who accompanied Mr. Fearson's grandfather 100 years ago. The Wetterhorn is in the Bernese Oberland and is only a few miles from Grindelwald.

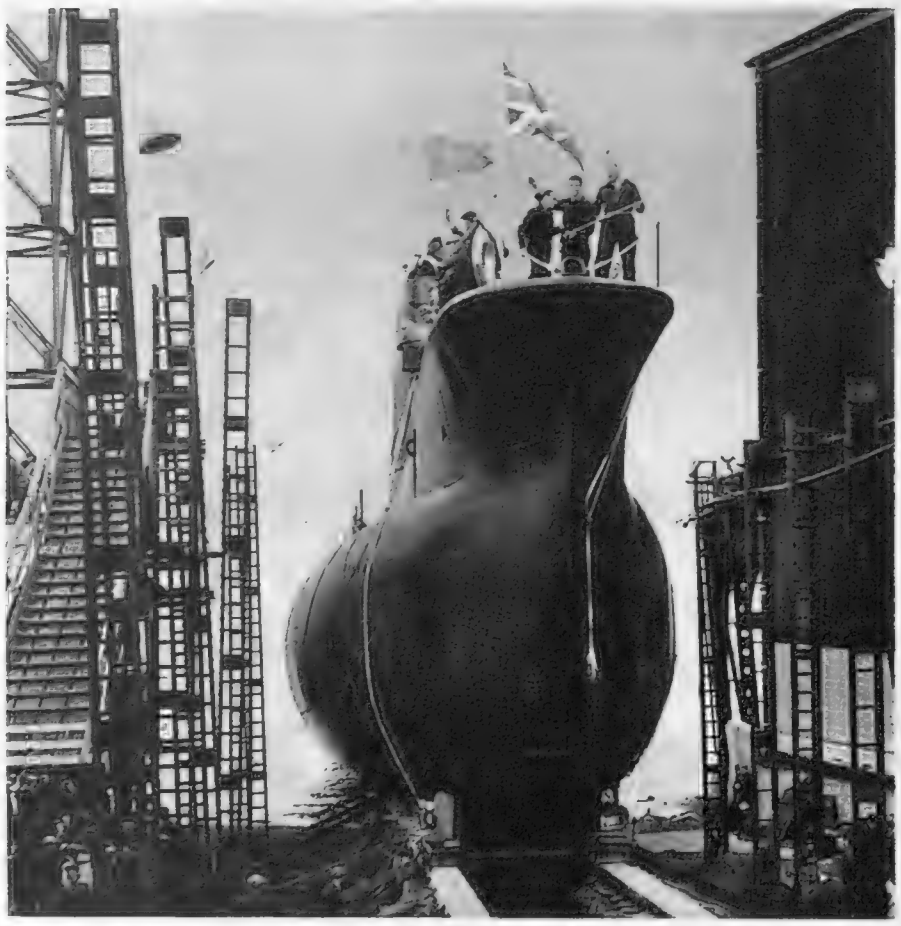
A MEETING OF FINANCE MINISTERS: Mr. Heathcoat Amory, Chancellor of the Exchequer, admires the long train, draped over his shoulder, of Chief Festus Okotie-Eboh, Federal Minister of Finance of Nigeria. The Nigerian Minister was attending the meeting of the Commonwealth Economic Consultative Council at Lancaster House on September 22 and 23. Lord Perth, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, headed the United Kingdom Dependencies' Colonial Wing at the meeting, which was attended by the Finance Ministers of most of the colonial countries.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

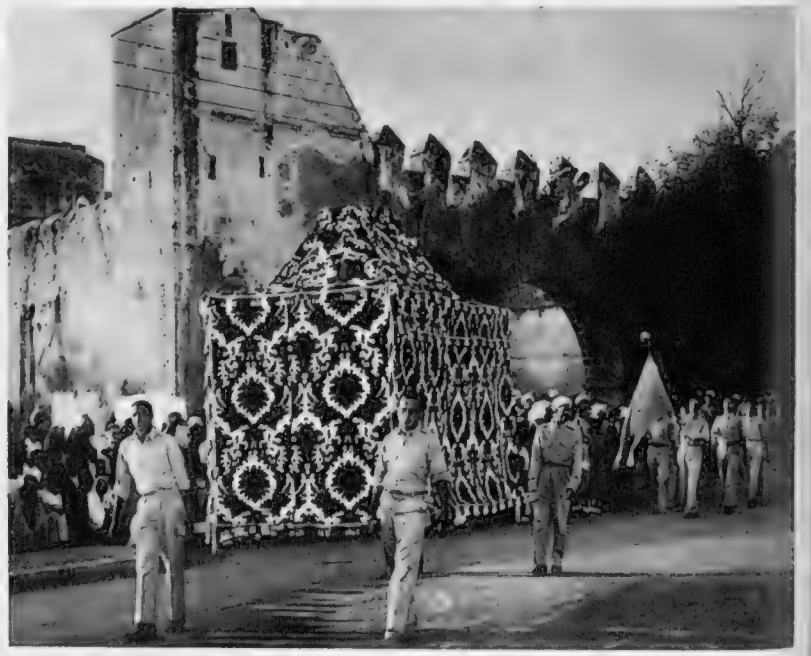
ON A SPIRE OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL: Workmen stand on one of the lofty pinnacles while checking the lightning conductor and the fabric during one of the periodic inspections. Below them is a panorama of old and recently-erected buildings of the famous Rhineland city, which was badly damaged during the Second World War. The lightning conductor was fitted at the end of the last century on one of the twin Gothic towers, which are over 500 ft. high. They escaped devastation during the bombing, although the Cathedral itself, which dates from the thirteenth century, was seriously damaged.

ONE OF THE FIRST OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENTS OF THE NEW WEST GERMAN PRESIDENT: At a reception at the Villa Hammerschmidt, in Bonn, for the former Syrian President are, from left—Dr. Lübke, the West German President; ex-president Kuwatly; Ibrahim Sabri, the U.A.R. Ambassador to Bonn; Madame Kuwatly; and Frau Lübke. Dr. Lübke was elected in West Berlin on July 1 and formally assumed the Presidency on September 12. A Christian Democrat he was formerly Minister of Food, Agriculture and Forestry in Doctor Adenauer's Cabinet.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN DAMASCUS AGAINST GENERAL KASSEM: Syrians throng the streets in protest against the execution in Bagdad of Brigadier Tabaqchali and other Army officers accused of having taken part in the Mosul revolt to overthrow General Kassem because of his increasing dependence on Iraqi Communist support. There were also demonstrations in Cairo, in the anti-Communist onslaught on the Iraqi regime by the U.A.R. At the same time as the officers were shot in Bagdad, four civilians were also executed. The civilians were the first supporters of the old regime to be shot since King Faisal, members of the Royal family, and Nuri es Said were killed in the uprising in July 1958. Some Western commentators believe that General Kassem had yielded, after many months, to demands for their execution, in the hope of appeasing opinion in the U.A.R which was violently opposed to the execution of Brigadier Tabaqchali.



A PORPOISE CLASS SUBMARINE LAUNCHED AT GREENOCK: H.M.S. *Walrus* slides down the slipway, having been launched by the Duchess of Gloucester. Over 6,000 people watched the ceremony at the Scottish shipyard. The Duchess said that she hoped to keep in touch with the submarine in the same way as she had kept in touch with H.M.S. Kenya, which she launched in 1939. Walrus is the seventh of the eight vessels of the Porpoise class to be launched. They are the first operational submarines to be designed in Britain since 1945 and are intended for continuous submerged patrol in any part of the world. The first was completed in April of last year.



AN OLD TRADITION IN MOROCCO: A wax reproduction of the Ka'aba, the shrine at the Great Mosque of Mecca, is carried through the streets of Rabat during the procession of the "waxes." The ceremony, which dates back 300 years, was recently revived. In the past hundreds of objects made of cold red wax were offered to holy men, who cured illness as well as spreading the Muslim faith. The Ka'aba, built in 1626, reproduces the temple which was venerated throughout Arabia during the time of Mahomet. It is covered with a cloth of black brocade, replaced every year.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Mr. James Swinburn was released recently from an Egyptian prison under an amnesty announced by Colonel Nasser at the beginning of September. He had served three out of five years on a charge of espionage. On his arrival in London, he was greeted by his wife, Foreign Office officials and a large crowd. Describing his prison experiences, Mr. Swinburn said that he did hard labour for the first six months, but later was transferred to the sculpture department. The last year, he said, was quite tolerable. He was asked how he felt about leaving behind Mr. Zarb, who in 1956 was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at the same time as Mr. Swinburn, and said that he was very distressed. Mr. Zarb, who is a Maltese, was not released since the amnesty provides only for the release of prisoners who had served half their terms. Mr. Swinburn had lived in Egypt for thirty-three years as a teacher and lecturer at Cairo University and then business manager of the Arab News Agency.

MR. SWINBURN RELEASED FROM PRISON: *Left*—Accompanied by a prison officer, he leaves Turah Prison, Cairo. *Right*—Carrying a bunch of flowers, Mr. Swinburn waves as he arrives at London Airport. He flew back to England last week after spending three years in prison.

On right—

BRITISH CUISINE IN SWITZERLAND: Mr. Ernest Schlegel (centre), chef of the Hotel Schweizerhof in Berne, inspects fresh lobster sent by air. He is flanked by the owner of the hotel, Mr. Jack Gauer (left) and the leading chef of the Dorchester Hotel, London, Mr. Eugene Kaufeler. In celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Swiss hotel, fresh British delicacies—Scotch beef, lamb, lobster and grouse—were prepared under the direction of Mr. Kaufeler. The hotel has already had German, French and Italian gastronomic weeks. Guests at the Schweizerhof for a gala evening included the Dorchester deputy chairman, Mr. Edwin McAlpine, and his wife.

THE CHANCELLOR OF WEST GERMANY AT THE OPENING OF A NEW SYNAGOGUE IN COLOGNE: Dr. Adenauer, with his head covered according to the custom of the Jewish religion, addresses the congregation. He said that the rebuilding of synagogues in West Germany could be taken as visible proof of the desire of the Germans to "make reparation" for the past.

Above—

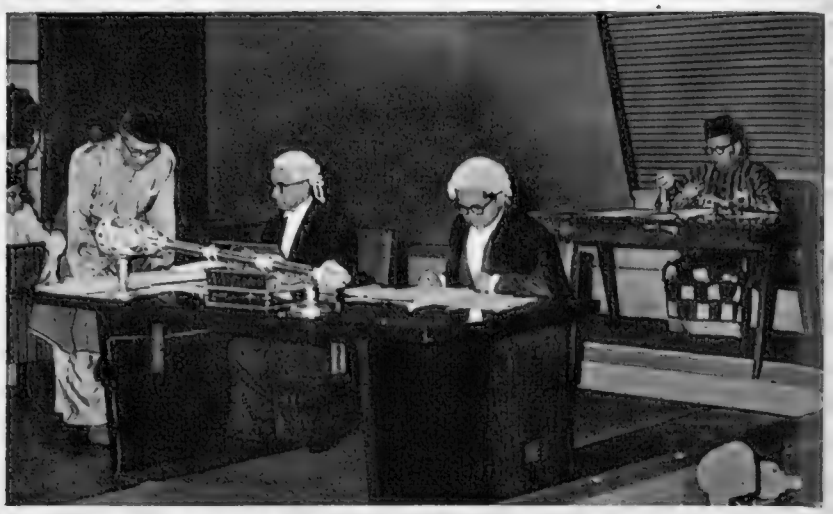
FIRE IN BATTERSEA: A haze of smoke covers the buildings as firemen fight a blaze at a waste-paper warehouse in south-west London. Nearly 100 men with fifteen fire engines were needed to get the flames under control. The fire, last week, spread to 30-ft.-high dumps of waste paper stored on open ground nearby, and the warehouse was gutted.

On right—

FIRE IN WARWICKSHIRE: The Rootes Group factory at Ryton-on-Dunsmore, near Coventry, presents a desolate scene after a fire, described by the firemen as "the biggest blaze we have ever tackled," raged for three hours. Damage was estimated at £3,000,000, but full car production started again shortly afterwards. Over 200 cars were burnt.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ON THE MARCH IN LAOS: Members of the Royal Laotian Army proceed in single file near the town of Sam Neua. Unconfirmed reports from the province have suggested that there has been guerilla fighting round the village of Sam Teu, 60 miles south-east of Sam Neua. The importance of the village is that it lies in a valley which reaches far into Sam Neua province. U.S. supplies of weapons and equipment continued to flow into Laos last week. The fact-finding mission of the U.N. had a succession of meetings with General Sounthone, the Laotian Minister of Defence. Laotian sources have hinted that if U.N. action were not effective, the Government might appeal to S.E.A.T.O.



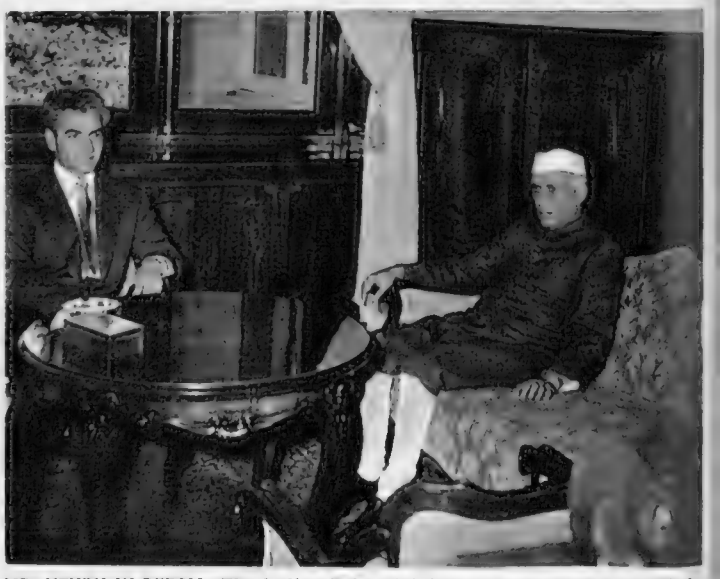
THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA: The Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman (left), is sworn in at the first session of the House of Representatives in Kuala Lumpur. Tunku Abdul Rahman later cut short a visit to Singapore, on hearing that the Yang di-Pertuan Agong, the Head of State of the Malayan Federation, was in hospital suffering from a heart ailment.

On right—

ALGERIAN NATIONALIST LEADER: Messali Hadji answers questions at his home in the Chantilly Forest, near Paris, a few hours after an attempt had been made on his life. It was reported that four or five men threw hand grenades and opened fire with machine-guns. He was unhurt. Leader of the M.N.A., the rival organisation to F.L.N., he was permitted under an amnesty this year to live in France. The incident occurred shortly after General de Gaulle had made his statement about the future of Algeria.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC: At the first Chinese National Games in the new Workers' Stadium in Pekin, Mao Tse-tung is flanked by Liu Shao-chi (left), Chairman of the Republic, and by Marshal Chu Teh, Chairman of the new Standing Committee of the National People's Congress. The decision to grant amnesties to many prisoners on the occasion of the anniversary on October 1 was announced. Those released would include "war criminals of the Chiang Kai-shek clique," collaborators with the Japanese in Manchuria, counter-revolutionaries and criminals. At the same time further Cabinet changes were announced. Marshal Peng Teh-huai was succeeded as Minister of Defence by Marshal Lin Piao; General Lo Jui-ching was transferred from the Ministry of Public Security to the position of Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces; and Hsieh Fu-chih was appointed Minister of Public Security.

MANY DEATHS IN INDIAN FLOODS: Near Surat, on the coast to the north of Bombay, refugees clamber over a precarious railway line, after the bridge had been swept away in floods. The River Tapi, swollen by monsoon rains, burst through the wall surrounding the town and flooded the area. Rescue squads recovered thirty-two bodies as the waters started to go down. Officials in Bombay estimated that over 250,000 people were homeless. Relief columns, with Army doctors, food, and medical stores, were sent to the area.



MR. NEHRU IN PERSIA: The Indian Prime Minister is seated with the Shah in the Palace in Teheran, during his brief formal visit to Persia. Immediately before, he paid a visit to Afghanistan, for a four-day official stay, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, President of the Indian Congress Party. In all, Mr. Nehru was away from Delhi for ten days. Both his visits were said to have been highly successful. According to reports the northern borders were quiet during this period. Chinese troops still occupied Longju, in the North-East Frontier Agency, and Indian troops had taken up position two miles to the south. The Indian Government was to press for talks in the hopes of negotiating a settlement, provided that the McMahon Line is fixed in detail as the border.

World Affairs

Foreign Affairs and the Election

By JOHN CONNELL

MR. MACMILLAN has a very real sense of history, and I suspect, from all that he writes and says, that he sees history as a continuous flow. He is especially conscious of our own generation's place in that flow, of our inheritance from our past and of our responsibility to the future. This is the classic sense of history, which seems to me an important attribute in a Prime Minister. If it had not been as strong as I believe it to be, he would never have chosen, deliberately and explicitly, to make the main issue of next Thursday's General Election the choice of those who must represent our country in the crucial international negotiations which lie ahead. Foreign policy has rarely in fact been the dominant issue in any General Election in modern times. Universal suffrage democracy prefers—or under a good many of its recent leaders it has preferred—more domestic and concrete matters. Yet I believe that Mr. Macmillan's decision was as correct as it was classic.

It certainly cannot be described as a smart-Alec, cheap election stunt. It certainly cannot be guaranteed to win the election for Mr. Macmillan's Party. The most recent precedent can hardly be regarded as encouraging. In 1945 post-war external policy was the dominant theme of Churchill's electoral campaign. Churchill's own attitude—except for the one " Gestapo " utterance on which his opponents seized gleefully—was lofty, statesmanlike and prudent. The Labour Party concentrated on the past, attributed every conceivable wartime and pre-war *malaise* and difficulty of our society to the wicked Tories, and romped home with a huge majority.

For quite obvious reasons, however, this particular trick cannot be played this time. A society such as ours is now, has the minimum of domestic grievances ; the class-war means nothing to it; and the spitefulness and envy and hatred which dominated our internal political life for forty years or more have been abated—a fact for which both major Parties ought to take credit. But Mr. Macmillan's decision was sound because the real cleavage between Conservatives and Socialists is, in truth, about the conduct of external affairs.

A young Left-Wing writer, for whom I have considerable personal affection and admiration, lectured me eloquently the other day about the wickedness of the Conservatives and the nobility of the Labour Party. " We 've got to get them out," he said vehemently. " They don't care in the slightest for the country. The Labour Party are the patriotic party nowadays." In face of his transparent sincerity, how could I tease him with the images which flocked unbidden to my mind: Mikardo, gaunt and tense, rallying his decimated company for a final stand in some wintry pass; Driberg, marching stolid and undismayed to the sound of the guns; Mrs. Barbara Castle, on her knees as a ward orderly cleaning up the blood and slime and filth of a bombed hospital ? Ah, no, one must still use a word like " patriotism "—mishandled and smirched though it has been—with a certain respect.

It is more prudent, I think, to come down off my youthful friend's high and perilous plane, and ask ourselves—with as much good temper and sweet reasonableness as we can, five days before the poll—which of the two major Parties is likely to serve our country's interests, in the next few years, with the greater wisdom, steadiness, consistency and sureness of touch. The last time that the Labour Party were in office they had one very good, and one quite disastrous, Foreign Secretary. While Herbert Morrison's failure at the Foreign Office was in startling contrast with the rest of his splendid career—as an administrator no Party has produced his rival—Ernest Bevin's momentous years there were the climax and fulfilment of his whole life. He was a good Foreign Secretary because his mind was resolutely and intensely independent; he had worked out all his principles and beliefs for himself; he was intelligent and diligent and shrewd. He was at his worst when, over Palestine, he accepted the advice of his Arabophile officials. He was at his best when he slammed down, with the greatest vigour, the preposterous theories of the majority of his own Party.

Now we have been given to understand, for a good many months past, that if the Labour Party are victorious at the polls next week, Mr. Aneurin Bevan will go to the Foreign Office. It is perfectly true that in 1945 everyone (including Hugh Dalton himself) thought that the good Doctor would bounce straight into the Foreign Office, and the shock was considerable when he did not. But Mr. Bevan is a very different kettle of fish. When he lets head rule heart, Mr. Bevan is a most efficient administrator, even if not quite in the Morrison class. But the Foreign Office does not need an administrator as its political head. It needs a patient, equable, tenacious, unspectacular man. Mr. Bevan is not the most patient of mortals: he is wayward, and he has considerable *panache*. All these are serious disadvantages in the post to which he aspires. He is also, like the majority of his Party over policy, a bundle of astonishing and quite irreconcilable inconsistencies.

He can, on occasion, deliver a resounding sermon filled with rather windy platitudes. But he has never given any indication of being able to weld those into a coherent policy, or even of seeing that a coherent policy is necessary. What sort of pattern for Britain's external relations emerges from his and his friends' orations ? Their two cardinal principles are " disengagement " in Europe and the establishment of a non-nuclear club. Let Britain, France and the United States, they say, withdraw their forces from the Federal Republic. The Soviet Union (though no hint of a guarantee on this point has ever been offered by Mr. Khrushchev or any other Russian spokesman) will promptly pull theirs out of Eastern Germany, and harmony will henceforth reign between East and West. The disastrous effect on the Federal Republic and on the Atlantic Alliance as a whole they totally ignore; for the sake of making a moral gesture, of questionable practical consequence, they propose to shatter the whole framework of N.A.T.O. I cannot conceive that this is a sensible policy.

MR. MACMILLAN OUTLINES HIS POLICY: The Prime Minister speaks at a mass rally in the King's Hall, Manchester. Seated at the rostrum are Lady Dorothy Macmillan and Sir Stanley Bell, President of the North-West Provincial Council of the Conservative Party. Mr. Macmillan devoted a considerable part of his speech to foreign affairs.

The idea of a non-nuclear club is as fogbound now as Pall Mall in late November. When first it was propounded it had the glittering shininess of Pallas Athene herself (without a spear, of course) as she presides over Waterloo Place. Now hardly a gleam flickers through the murk. The proposal was the most prominent feature of the joint Labour Party and T.U.C. statement, headed *The Next Step*; it was reiterated with a fine flourish in a pamphlet called *The Britain We Want*. But in the Party's Election manifesto it is merely touched on with extreme vagueness, and its practical implications are simply not mentioned.

It is indeed quite impossible to discover what the Labour Party really think about nuclear weapons and what they would do if they were in office. For weeks past, not a hundred yards from my home, there has been a constant picketing of the French Embassy. A trail of devoted persons has paraded up and down the pavement bearing sandwich-boards denouncing the French Government's scheme of nuclear weapon tests in the Sahara. Young women, of varying degrees of charm and courtesy, have pressed broadsheets into my hand. Regardless of my personal feelings in a matter of duty, I have again and again asked these amiable, and, as I think, gravely misguided, creatures if they support the present Government's efforts towards disarmament. " The Tories ? " they squeak in outraged horror, " We 're *Labour*."

Though they are sad cranks, they are, I believe, completely truthful. One of the possible consequences of a Labour victory which alarms me is its effect on this country's relations with France. I know that Mr. Gaitskell himself went to Paris and established a personal understanding with General de Gaulle; but the visit was regarded with the chilliest disapproval by his party, to whom the President of the Fifth Republic has become a major target for abuse and criticism. Labour's behaviour over Algeria, in particular, has given the gravest offence—and the French nowadays are not specially touchy about British opinion. But there are disturbing indications that this curious mixture of sentimentality and vindictiveness will become a Labour Government's policy towards France.

Labour's ideas on both the Far East and the Middle East are inextricably confused. Once again there crops up the proposal that Communist China should be admitted to the U.N. How can this be more than an empty and perilous flourish in face of the known attitude of the United States ? Would it be of the slightest help to India in her present difficulties ? Would it ease the situation in Laos ? Would it assist Malaya or Singapore ?

In Middle East matters, it was widely predicted, before the date of the election was announced, that the greatest, most ferocious political onslaught of modern times would be the Socialists' exposure of " the men of Suez." There was one perfunctory tootle and then the trumpets were suddenly, and rather mysteriously, muted. Did someone manage to convince the big boys in Transport House that, with the electorate whose suffrage the Party is seeking, this might prove a highly unpopular issue ? But instead of the promised diatribes there has been almost total silence, and no practical suggestions for dealing with the Middle East at all.

What would a Labour Government do about relations with the United Arab Republic ? What would be Mr. Bevan's view about the Egyptian request for British support for a large international loan in order that the Suez Canal may be developed ? Would he insist, as the present Foreign Secretary appears to have done, that the loan could only be feasible if the Canal were open, without hindrance of any kind, to the ships of all nations, including those of Israel ? What are the Labour Party's ideas on Arab claims to Aden ? Questions of this kind get no answer, only the hurt, dismayed look of the little boy whose day-dreams are interrupted by the adult voice saying, " It 's time to go and get your pencil and ruler and go off to school."

Day-dreams and fantasies, however noble their inspiration, do not compose a foreign policy. The Governments of the rest of the world are not, taken by and large, amiable, well-intentioned Social Democrats sharing the respectable aspirations of Transport House or Great Turnstile. I only hope, for everybody's sake as well as their own, that this time next week Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan will not be in power, but on the threshold of grievous disillusionment about foreign affairs.

A SIGN OF CHANGING TIMES: Outside the hotel in Hollywood where he was staying, Mr. Khrushchev raises clasped hands. Immediately behind him is Mr. David Shine, who runs the hotel. A few years ago he was one of the late Senator McCarthy's chief lieutenants in the witch-hunt against Communism in the U.S.A.

Mr. Khrushchev in the United States

GRAVE AND GAY

The Soviet Premier in Hollywood, Los Angeles and San Francisco

In the second stage of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States—his tour of California and the Middle West—the barometer swung at times from fine to stormy and back again. There was a storm in Los Angeles because of some remarks made by Mayor Poulson at a banquet. Mr. Khrushchev lost his temper again in San Francisco, when he met a number of Trade Union leaders. After a session in which the Russian Premier accused the Union leaders of being " capitalist lackeys and stooges," it was mutually agreed their positions were " irreconcilable." Elsewhere, however, the sun shone, and Mr. Khrushchev was especially cheerful at short stops on the train journey from Los Angeles to San Francisco, when he was almost mobbed by cheering crowds which broke through the police cordons.

It was on this train journey that he gave his opinion of the film *Can-Can*, scenes of which he had watched being made in a Hollywood studio. He told reporters he thought what he had seen was " immoral " and " mildly pornographic." In San Francisco Bay during a cruise in a coastguard cutter, he chose to discuss naval matters with the captain of the craft. He confided that Russia was scrapping 90 per. cent. of her cruisers and concentrating on submarine construction. From California the Russian visitors flew to Des Moines, in Iowa, and spent a day visiting farms. Here Mr. Khrushchev was very much the agricultural expert, making comparisons between American and Russian grain crops. He was also in theological mood, announcing that God is a Communist as well as a capitalist and " helps the intelligent."

IN HOLLYWOOD: Mr. Khrushchev sits on the balcony above the floor of a studio to w... making of a scene for the film *Can-Can*. Mrs. Khrushchev is extreme right. Bet... and her husband is Anita Louise, the film-actress and wife of the chief of studio pr... *On left*—Shirley MacLaine, encircled by the chorus on the floor, dances the ...

CALM BEFORE A STORM: The Russian Premier talks with Mayor Norris Poulson, of Los ... before a civic banquet. At the dinner Mr. Khrushchev was angered by Mayor P... references to the Communist leader's much-publicised " burying " capitalism ...

LAST HANDSHAKE AFTER AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME: At San Luis Obispo, on the journey from Los Angeles to San Francisco, Mr. Khrushchev reaches out to grasp the hands of well-wishers before his train leaves. A large crowd cheered him enthusiastically at this station.

TALK WITH THE PRESS: Mr. Khrushchev points to his nose to emphasize a remark during a meeting with correspondents on his train between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Press representatives from all over the world accompanied him on his tour of the United States.

A VISIT TO THE DOCKS OF SAN FRANCISCO: Mr. Harry Bridges, President of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, greets Mr. Khrushchev. Next to Mr. Bridges is Mr. Paul Sure, Head of the Pacific Maritime Association.

A TRIP ON PACIFIC WATERS: Aboard the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Gresham* in San Francisco Bay, the skipper, Captain B. Palmer Clark, indicates points of interest. Behind the Soviet Premier is Mr. Cabot Lodge, the U.S. Ambassador to U.N.

CLEANING A RUBENS MASTERPIECE

Work on "The Adoration of the Magi" which is Worth More Than a Quarter of a Million Pounds

In a furniture repository in Fulham, surrounded by dingy backyards, the great canvas "The Adoration of the Magi," by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, is being cleaned. It was expected that the work, being undertaken by Mr. Leonard Koetser, the art dealer who bought the painting at Sotheby's this summer for £275,000 for an unknown client, would take about a fortnight. By all reports the picture, about 128 sq. ft. in area, is in a fine state of preservation. Only a surface layer of dirt is being removed with the aid of a mixture of spirit and a small amount of turpentine.

It was stated by Mr. Koetser that the unknown buyer, who paid the highest price ever given at auction for a single picture, was a private collector resident in Britain. The dealer is due to meet trustees of the National Gallery shortly to discuss the possibility of loaning the painting—the only large altar-piece by Rubens in the country—to the Gallery. Previous to the auctioning of the painting in Sotheby's hopes were expressed that it might be bought for the National Gallery or at least be prevented from going out of Britain.

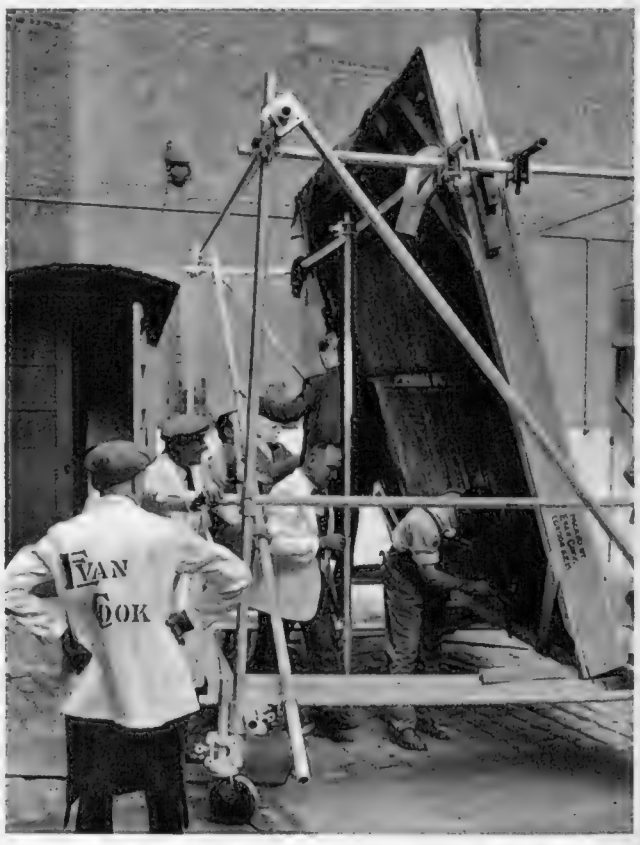
"The Adoration of the Magi" measures 129¼ ins. by 97¼, and is one of Rubens' finest works. It is one of several famous paintings being reproduced in this year's Christmas number of THE SPHERE. Painted in Antwerp for the Convent of the Dames Blanches at Louvain, the picture's history is fully authenticated. In 1783, the Convent was suppressed and the altar-piece was auctioned. It passed through various hands and was bought from the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne for Lord Grosvenor in 1806. Remaining in the Grosvenor family until this year, it was sold by the executors of the Duke of Westminster to pay death duties. Although Rubens painted a great number of canvases, the "Adoration of the Magi," with its dramatically grouped figures and rich colours, is one of his finest works. There is a sketch for the altar-piece in the Wallace Collection in London.

CLEANING "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI": In the yard of a furniture repository in Fulham, London, Mr. Leonard Koetser works at the delicate task of removing the dirt from Rubens' altar-piece, which was sold at Sotheby's for a world record price of £275,000. *Right*—Mr. Koetser gently wipes over the surface of the paint.

On right—

AT WORK: Mr. Koetser (right) is helped by Mr. John Reeve in the task of cleaning the painting. They are using a mixture of spirit and turpentine. It was expected the task would take a fortnight.

IN THE YARD AT FULHAM: The large painting, which measures 129¼ ins. by 97¼, is held in a special frame on its side, so that it can be cleaned in the furniture repository. The picture is stated to be in a remarkably good state of preservation, and only a superficial layer of dirt needs to be removed during the cleaning.



FIXING THE FRAME: Workmen adjust the scaffolding of the movable trolley which holds the altar-piece. The painting weighs 15 cwt. and ten men were needed to lift it into position.

Canada's New Governor-General

The Installation of Major-General Vanier in Ottawa

HER MAJESTY'S REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA: Major-General George Philias Vanier, the new Governor-General of Canada, stands before a portrait of the Queen in Government House, his official residence in Ottawa. He assumed office last month.

THE FIRST LADY OF CANADA: Madame Vanier (left) leaves Parliament House in Ottawa after her husband had taken the oath of office as nineteenth Governor-General of Canada. With her is Mrs. Diefenbaker, wife of the Canadian Prime Minister.

THE RETIRING GOVERNOR-GENERAL: Mr. Vincent Massey waves from the platform of the train in which he left Ottawa for retirement in his country home at Port Hope, in Ontario. With him are his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lionel Massey, his son, Lionel, and their three daughters, Jane (left), Susan and Evva, who is standing immediately in front of her father. A 100-man guard of honour was mounted at the station and a 21-gun salute was fired for the outgoing Governor-General's departure. He was the first Canadian to hold the office, to which he was appointed in 1952. Mr. Massey was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and became a lecturer in Modern History at Toronto University. After service in the First World War he entered politics and was Minister Without Portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet in 1925. From 1926 to 1930 he was Canadian Minister to the United States. From 1935 until 1946 Mr. Massey was the Canadian High Commissioner in the United Kingdom.

THE FIRST FRENCH-CANADIAN TO HOLD THE HIGHEST OFFICE IN HIS COUNTRY: In the Senate Chamber in Ottawa, Major-General Vanier, the first French-Canadian ever to be appointed Governor-General of the Dominion, is sworn-in by the Chief Justice of Canada, the Hon. P. Kerwin. Between them is Madame Vanier. Seated at the table are members of the Cabinet. Mr. Diefenbaker, the Prime Minister, is at top left. Among others at the ceremony were members of the Judiciary and of the Diplomatic Corps, leaders of the Churches and M.P.s.

Another page was added to the history of Canada when Major-General Vanier was installed as the nineteenth Governor-General in Ottawa on September 15. He is the first French-Canadian to hold the highest office and the second Canadian to do so, the other being his predecessor, Mr. Vincent Massey. The oath was administered in the Senate Chamber by the Chief Justice in the presence of the Cabinet and other leading Canadians. At the conclusion of the ceremony a band in the Rotunda played "God Save The Queen" and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired on the banks of the Ottawa River.

George Philias Vanier, who is aged seventy-one, has had a distinguished career as a soldier and diplomatist and is a member of a French-Canadian family which traces its descent to the early days of French settlement in Canada. He was born in Montreal and after training as a lawyer practised at the Quebec Bar. The outbreak of war in 1914 interrupted his legal career and he was soon overseas with the Royal 22nd Regiment. As Lieut.-Colonel Vanier he won the D.S.O. and M.C. and Bar and was severely wounded in the right leg in action on the Western Front. As a result of this he walks to-day with the aid of a stick.

In the immediate post-war years he was promoted Major-General and acted as A.D.C. to two Governors-General, Lord Byng and Lord Willingdon. From 1928-31 he served with the Canadian delegation at the League of Nations and in 1930 he was one of his country's representatives at the London Naval Conference. A year later he was appointed Counsellor and Secretary at the Canadian High Commissioner's office in London.

A few months before the Second World War Major-General Vanier became the Canadian Ambassador in Paris. After the fall of France he held military posts in Canada until 1943, when he returned to Europe as Canadian Minister to the French Committee of National Liberation. When Paris was freed in 1944 he resumed his post as Ambassador to France and remained in this appointment until his retirement in 1954.

COLLEGE, EMBASSY, GUILDHALL AND FLYOVER

Building and Rebuilding in London, Plymouth and Northumberland

A NEW EMBASSY IN LONDON: Occupying the entire west side of Grosvenor Square is the new building which is being constructed for the United States Embassy. Designed by Mr. Eero Saarinen, an American architect, it is U-shaped. The front and side sections are six storeys high; at the back there are only two storeys. A feature of the building is the decorative grille on the upper four storeys; this consists of pre-cast concrete box frames reaching from floor to floor and mutually supporting. In the façade, Portland stone, with anodised aluminium, is incorporated. Being built at a cost of about £1,720,000, the building will house the complete Embassy staff, including the United States Information Services and Defence Attachés—a total of about 600 people. Work began in August 1957 and should be finished next March.

INSIDE PLYMOUTH GUILDHALL: Final work is proceeding on the interior and furnishing of the main hall of the restored building before its official opening. On the far wall is hung a Gobelin tapestry based on a design by Raphael. The tapestry was given by Lord Clarendon on permanent loan to the Guildhall. The building was gutted during the heavy German bombing in the last war.

EXTENDING A TECHNICAL COLLEGE IN THE NORTH: Work is proceedi on the new Northumberland Technical College at Ashington. Pa of the college was opened by Princess Margaret on April 30 this ye Being built at a cost of approximately £750,000, the building scheduled to be completed in the autumn of next year. It w be able to house in its classrooms, lecture halls and workshops abo 4,000 students. The present school is overcrowded with 2,250 pupi

Forty years ago the Ashington Coal Company launched a scheme add theoretical knowledge to the practical experience of th younger miners. Two days off with pay were allowed each week young employees to attend a "colliery school" in an institute build in Ashington, Northumberland, the centre of one of the largest co mining communities in the country. At the start there was only a teacher to instruct the fifteen students. After two years a three-ye course was begun with additional teaching staff to handle seven pupils. The best students won scholarships to universities. Some these, after graduation, moved to other employment, but the majori remained to become candidates for top-executive positions at t local pits.

In 1931 the Ashington County Mining School was built and t "colliery school" pupils were transferred there. Before 1940 the numb of full-time students remained at about eighty, and during t war it rose to 120. By 1950 the school was suffering from overcrowdi and present-day figures of full-time, part-time and evening studc have risen to 2,250. The new college now being built will be capa of taking 4,000; when completed it will be the largest in Northum land. Its activities are not restricted to mining theory, a whole ra of technical subjects being taught.

RESTORING WAR DAMAGE: Outside Plymouth Guildhall work is being carried out on the paving. The restored building was opened on Thursday of last week by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery. The cost of the reconstruction was said to be about £400,000. The rebuilding of Plymouth, plans for which were drawn up during the war, and which has proceeded steadily since, has resulted in a modern city, with new shops, offices, public buildings, and thoroughfares.

THE SOLUTION TO A TRAFFIC PROBLEM: A service station stands at the south-west side of the Chiswick Flyover, which was opened to traffic last Wednesday morning. Stretching eastwards into the right background is the Cromwell Road extension side of the flyover. Traffic is using the 400-ft. diameter roundabout from the flyover's slip-roads, the North Circular Road, the South Circular Road, and other thoroughfares. Each of the flyover's four spans is 125 ft. long and, between the parapets, has a width of 59 ft.

The Chiswick Flyover is now open, and motorists using London's major exit and ingress road to and from he west should be feeling its benefits. The old hiswick cross-roads of the North and South Circular oads and the Great West Road were notorious bottle-ecks, with more than 40,000 vehicles a day using it at peak eriods. The two levels which exist now mean that affic going east or west can proceed without interruption om cross traffic, while north and southbound traffic, ing the roundabout below the flyover, are impeded only by vehicles wishing to go in their direction.

The flyover, built at a cost of £820,000, is almost half-a-mile long. It connects the Cromwell Road extension with the Great West Road, providing for two lanes of traffic in each direction separated by an island. Where the slip-roads from the flyover join the roundabout below, the carriageway has a width of 40 ft.

Eventually the Chiswick Flyover will form the first part of the London to South Wales Motorway. Work on another part of this project—the Maidenhead By-pass—is already well under way, while construction of the Slough By-pass is scheduled to begin in the near future. It is proposed that from the Chiswick Flyover a new highway will be built above the level of the Great West Road to connect with the Maidenhead By-pass. With the opening of the flyover, coaches to and from London Airport save up to twenty minutes on the journey; the additional highway would result in greater time-saving. From the Cromwell Road to the Chiswick Flyover the improvements scheme will cost about £6,000,000.

BETWEEN DEE AND DON

Aberdeen—A Lowland Town; Hiding Industrial Sites; the Dignity of Union Street; Characteristics of the Citizens

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN one of his essays Mr. John Betjeman says: "If Edinburgh can thrill with contrasts, what, I thought, may I not expect to find in Aberdeen. I did not know whether the Lowland Scottish genius for architecture had a Highland counterpart."

You could not wish for anything much plainer than that. It is evident that Mr. Betjeman thinks of Aberdeen as a Highland town. So, I am sure, do most English people. Most English people (and certainly those without Mr. Betjeman's scholarship) automatically think of Northern Scotland as Highland Scotland, and of Southern Scotland as Lowland Scotland. I think that, behind this, there is probably some dimly-remembered school geography: that the mountains are in the north. And also some dimly remembered history: savage, raw-boned Highlanders, armed with claymores and other uncouth weapons, swooping southwards—that sort of thing. Again, we have all heard often enough of Aberdeen as "the Granite City," and granite, in the minds of most English people, is a mountain stone.

Lowland Scotland: some of Lowland Scotland is, in fact, higher ground than some of Highland Scotland. I think that the real difference lies not so much in the land or in the scenery as in the people. There is a Highland Scot and a Lowland Scot, and they are about as different as can be in outlook, way-of-life and temperament. A great deal of Aberdeenshire is Highland country, occupied by Highland Scots, but Aberdeen is a Lowland town, occupied by Lowland Scots: which is not to say that it is occupied by the same sort of Lowland Scots as live in, say, Kilmarnock or Hawick. The Aberdonian is a man apart.

It is altogether a most surprising city, and I think that the most surprising thing about it is its, so to speak, "all-over" aspect. Some 200,000 people live in Aberdeen—it is the third city of Scotland—and yet, at a distant view, there is scarcely a factory chimney to be seen. In this respect it must surely be unique among towns of comparable size in the length and breadth of Britain. You begin to wonder how in this industrial

CENTRAL ABERDEEN FROM THE AIR: The bridge in the foreground carries Union Street over the northbound railway. To the left of the tracks are Union Terrace Gardens, at the end of which is Schoolhill, running over the second bridge. Left of this bridge are Her Majesty's Theatre, a church and the Public Library. Right of the bridge, behind the spire, are the War Memorial and the Art Gallery. Round the quadrangle to the right of the Art Gallery is Robert Gordon's College, behind which is the Teachers' Training Centre. This picture was taken some time ago and there have been some changes to the city, but the heart of Aberdeen remains much the same.

Now, I would not have you think that I am any different from all the rest. I, too, think of Aberdeen as a Highland town. I do so when I am in England and when I am in Scotland. Driving northwards from Edinburgh, or going northwards by train, and it is a long way, there are miles and miles of wide empty moor- and, and mountains blue in the distance, some of them snow-capped even in summer: everything conspires to make you think that you are going into the Highlands. In fact, Aberdeen is a Lowland town. Once you are in it there can be no doubt.

This business of Highland and Lowland Scotland beats me altogether. I have never yet met a Scot able to give me a really satisfactory definition, nor read a book which defines the boundaries separating the two satisfactorily. It is a point, it seems to me, that they do not like to be tied down on, which does not make it any easier for the foreigner. I suppose that every foreigner knows what he means by "the Highlands": mountains and glens, kilts and bagpipes and wonderful scenery and romance. It is the Lowlands that confuse us.

The separation is not nicely clear-cut. It is not, as one might be forgiven for thinking, a matter of the height of the ground above sea-level: it really has nothing whatever to do with high ground and low ground. There is a great deal of high, wild ground in age all these people make a living (a pretty good one, judging by appearance, for there is an air of comfortable prosperity about Aberdeen: you see none of the sharp contrasts of wealth and poverty that you notice, for example, in Glasgow or Edinburgh).

There are factories; even a city with the tremendously varied interests of Aberdeen—market town, fishing port, university, and so on—could not nowadays support 200,000 people without them. Aberdeen is a big industrial town, but it has managed very skilfully to hide most of its factories. It is not just a matter of the distant view: there are factories right in the town, but you are quite likely to pass them by without realising that they are factories. They do not dominate the buildings around them, as do the factories of the Scottish industrial belt or the factories of Lancashire.

I doubt very much if most visitors to Aberdeen—it has quite a large tourist trade and is quite a big holiday centre—realise that it holds the largest paper mills in Britain (at least, I have been assured that they are the largest, but I am not expert on the relative sizes of paper mills and this may be local pride), but so it does: they are hidden away on the banks of the Don. There are big weaving sheds, too, only you have got to find someone to show you where they are. They do not swallow up the landscape as they would anywhere else.

I think that this is a great part of the charm of Aberdeen: that nothing really dominates anything else. Marischal College would, if it had the chance. But the rest of Aberdeen (very wisely, in my opinion) has seen to it that it has not. It is tucked in (if you can use that term about so gigantic a pile) behind the town hall, which is itself large enough, so that what you first see is a group of silvery-white pinnacles. You get to it through Broad Street, and, once you are there, there is not sufficient space in front of it to allow you to take in the whole of this Brobdingnagian building properly: there are too many spires and towers and pinnacles. And a jolly good thing, too, if I may say so!

I know that it is a wonderful architectural achievement in a most intractable stone, but it reminds me of nothing so much as a gigantic wedding-cake—the sort of thing that a Hollywood star might perpetrate for her fifth marriage (before the novelty has worn off), a startling piece of showmanship. However, the real point is (though, heaven knows, there must be thousands in that building) that you cannot see the whole thing at a glance, cannot take it all in. This is just as well, for, though Aberdonians may have a great pride in, according to them, the largest granite building in the world, the fact is that it is out of character with Aberdeen.

Now, Union Street—one of the finest thoroughfares in the whole of the British Isles, and in my view certainly the finest in Scotland (yes: I have seen Princes Street, Edinburgh!)—is wholly in character. If you stand at one end and look down Union Street, and it is about a mile in length, you cannot help but notice that there is not, in all that length, a single building which stands out from its neighbours, no building which dominates the others; and there are many fine buildings. The effect is one of great dignity, of almost classical dignity.

I have heard people complain that Union Street is too "glaring." I think that there can be no doubt that to those accustomed to the smoke-grimed buildings of urban England (or industrial Scotland) it does at first come as a bit of a shock to the eyes. But here we have the great quality of Aberdeen, the quality that sets it apart and makes it so very attractive—light. Aberdeen stands on granite, and is built of granite. Until you see it you cannot fully understand what that means. Granite is a rock which is a mixture of quartz, felspar and mica. It is the strongest building stone in the British Isles, very hard, and very hard to work, and because it is very hard it does not weather. Time seems to make it harder and harder, and brighter and brighter.

Aberdeen is mainly built of the local granite, a pale grey granite—the pink granite, which you occasionally see, comes from Peterhead, farther to the north—and this seems to get paler with age. The flakes of mica glitter: on a bright frosty day, in bright sunlight, under electric lights, the granite of Aberdeen sparkles like crystallised sugar. The effect can be chilling in mid-winter, wonderfully cheerful in sunny weather, but it is always splendid. It means that the streets always look clean (and, as a matter of fact, they always are clean) and that the buildings never grow dingy. Aberdeen is as bright and clean as a new pin.

I suppose that Aberdonians ought to be as bright as their city. They have a world-wide reputation for being "close." Musical-hall jokes about the meanness of Aberdonians used to be as common as music-hall jokes about seaside-landladies and mothers-in-law, as common as tuneless pop-singers are to-day. I think it is probably true that Aberdonians are "careful" (which is a very different thing from mean), and that, of course, is why they are so prosperous. It is certainly true that, if you stand in Union Street and watch the shopping crowds, you will see very few smiling faces. I do not mean that you will see a crowd of glum ones: far from it. What you see is a sort of serene capability. These are people who have come out to shop and are going to shop. They have not, just then, time for anything else. You might be forgiven for thinking them, seeing them thus, a dour, hard-bitten lot, the women included.

But go down to the sea-front—the two-and-a-half miles that stretch between Don and Dee, the silver sand (it sparkles, too) on the one hand, the links on the other—and watch Aberdonians taking their purposeful exercise (it is generally pretty bracing down there) or just idling, and you will see more cheerful, smiling, happy faces than you will see in a comparable distance at most recognised seaside resorts. This is "time-off" and the Aberdonian enjoys it as purposefully as he is purposeful about his business.

I think that the Aberdonian has deliberately built up this legend about being "close." I do not believe it myself, for there is in Aberdeen, even to the stranger, a genuine hospitality, which is heart-warming. There is a genuine friendly politeness which properly belongs to an older age.

Underneath, I believe that Aberdonians are sentimentalists. They have a fondness for diminutives. I have been called "love" and "ducks" on half the buses in Lancashire, and it has not meant a thing. But twice on Aberdeen buses, when asking the way, I have been called "mannie." It did my bald head and too-generous waist a power of good.

OVER THE RIVER FORTH: On the north bank of the Scottish river an arch—part of the suspension bridge now being built—is in position. Downstream is the famous Forth railway bridge, erected between 1882 and 1890.

FROM OVER PORT EDGAR: The general view looking north shows the side piers of the Forth Road Bridge jutting out into the river from their temporary causeways. The side spans, when completed, will each be 1,340 ft. long and the centre span will be 3,300 ft. long. The new bridge, with a total length of 5,980 ft., will be the largest suspension bridge outside the United States. (*Pictures by Aerofilms*)

THE NEW BRIDGE FOR THE FORTH

A Year of Progress on the Road Suspension Bridge

Just over a year ago work began on the construction of a road bridge over the River Forth, about half-a-mile upstream from the famous rail bridge. It will be a suspension bridge, the biggest in Europe and the fourth largest in the world. Its centre span will be longer than Princes Street in Edinburgh. On the bank on the North Queensferry side a huge arch has been built during the past twelve months and a similar one will be constructed on the south bank.

These arches will hold the suspension cables, which consist of about 12,000 steel wires, ¼-in. in diameter, giving a total thickness of over 2 ft. They are capable of taking a tension of 14,000 tons. The roadway will be carried on a grid of steel beams and girders fixed on steel hangers at intervals of 60 ft. from the main cables. The bridge will carry two 24-ft.-wide carriageways, two 9-ft. cycle tracks and two 6-ft. pathways. Completion of the project, which will cost about £15,000,000, is scheduled for the end of 1963.

SELLING THEIR WARES: Among the traders in the market at Stanleyville, in the Belgian Congo, are women of the Lokele tribe. These people spend most of their time on the water, coming ashore to trade fish and fruit.

The traveller on the River Congo between Stanleyville and Bumba may see a number of primitive canoes manned by natives making towards his own vessel. However fast the traveller's boat is moving, the natives will come alongside and with remarkable watermanship hitch their canoes to the side of it. Then they leap aboard with large baskets to trade in various foods. This is the manner in which strangers to the Congo often first meet the Lokele, the "water gipsies" of the Belgian territory in Central Africa.

There is a second, less pleasurable, way of meeting them, and it usually happens at night. To be precise, one does not actually meet the Lokele. But if on waking up from a night's sleep in a rest-house on the banks of the Congo one finds belongings missing, it is a sure sign that the tribesmen have paid a visit. Besides being traders, they are, like many nomads elsewhere in the world, natural thieves. Their skill on the water enables them to come quietly ashore from their canoes, slip through the open window of a hut and make a quick get-away along the river. They will carry out similar operations on the river itself against any passenger or cargo-boats on which a proper watch is not being kept. Stolen goods form no small part of the Lokele stock-in-trade. So bad is their reputation that the authorities of the Province of Equator, south of Bumba, will not tolerate their presence.

Nevertheless, the nomads of the water are an unusual African tribe and worthy of study. Their homes are in their pirogues—the canoes hollowed out from the trunks of trees. A piece of straw matting stretched above the midships of a craft is the roof of a dwelling. A certain number of the pirogues have no roofing and are used only as cargo-boats for trading. Many of the craft being rowed along the Congo to-day are believed to be of great age, possibly 100 years old. Indeed, it is thought that some of those which the traveller sees took part in battles when the Lokele were a tribe renowned for their military prowess. For instance, in 1877 the explorer Stanley, during his epic journey which charted the course of the Congo, was heavily attacked by the tribe at the point where the Aruwimi tributary joins the main stream, near what is now the town of Basoko. The Lokele were supported by their allies, the Topoke, and there was a hard fight before Stanley repelled their onslaught. Some of the craft in which the warriors made their attack almost certainly survive on the waters.

To-day the water gipsies are no longer warlike. However, they have retained that skill in watermanship which undoubtedly stood their belligerent ancestors in good stead in defending their rights to the Congo. The modern Lokele makes his living from fishing, and drying the catch, and from picking—or possibly obtaining by other means—various fruits such as bananas. With these wares he is prepared to trade with any customer. The inherited watermanship is by no means a monopoly of the men. The women are equally skilful and children at an early age can control their craft with an adult ability.

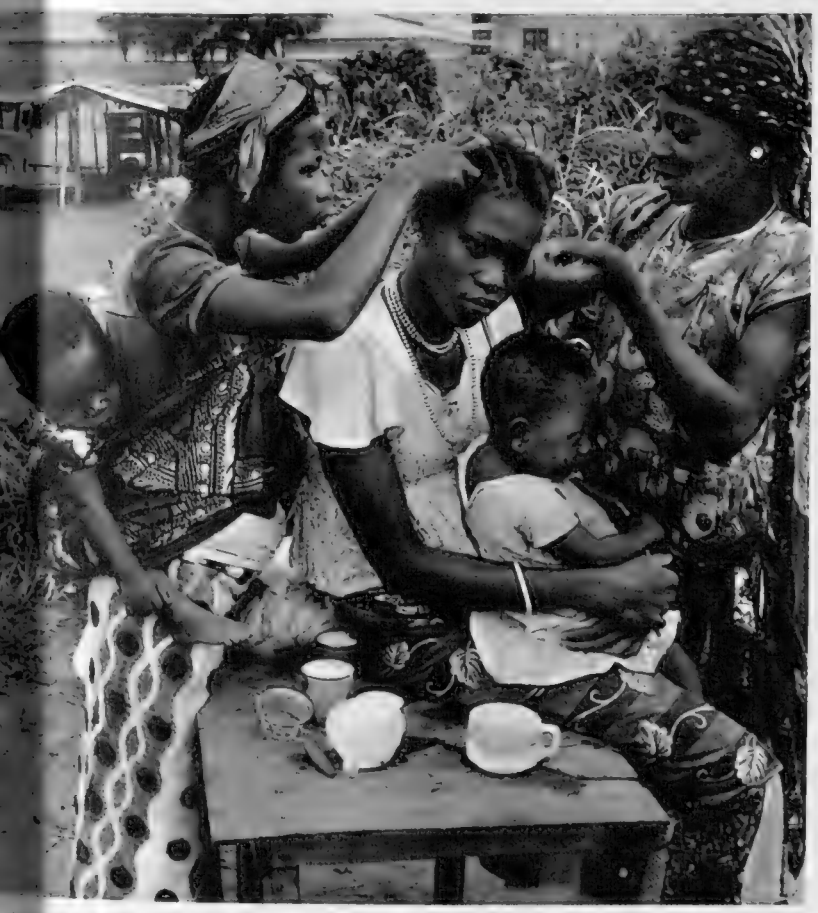
SKILFUL WATERMEN: Lokele bring pirogues, or canoes, alongside a sailing on the River Congo and demonstrate their great skill as wate Small children are expert hande the craft. The pirogues are the of the Lokele, who sail up and the river in these "water cara engaging in trade and also freq pilfering from huts along the

A VILLAGE ON THE WATER: Pirogues are grouped together at the foot of the Tshopo Falls, near Sta ville. At various points along the Congo between Stanleyville and Bumba the Lokele form colon villages on the water where they stop with their craft for short periods in their nomadic

"WATER GIPSIES"

A Nomadic Tribe of the River Congo, on the Equator in Africa

TRADERS ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER CONGO: In the heavily-loaded baskets on their backs two women of the tribe carry bananas, other fruit and manioc. Dry fish is another of the wares they offer for sale. Besides trading on the banks of the Congo, the Lokele row their canoes to craft passing on the water and go aboard to do business with passengers and crews.



BEAUTY PARLOUR ON THE EQUATOR: A young woman has her hair set by two of her friends. Females of the Lokele wear bright-coloured garments and enjoy adorning themselves. Babies are usually carried on the backs of their mothers.

CANOES WITH LONG HISTORIES: The straw coverings are the roofs of the water nomads' homes. Some of the pirogues still in use were hollowed from tree-trunks a century ago. They may have taken part in the attack by the tribe on the explorer, H. M. Stanley, in 1877.

FORD'S NEW SMALL CARS: On the left is the Ford Popular, based on the old 100 E Anglia, and beside it the Ford Anglia De Luxe. *Above right* is a rear view of the new Anglia De Luxe, which has broken away from the styling of Fords in recent years. It has a new o.h.v. 997-c.c. engine which gives a maximum speed of 75 m.p.h.

COMPETITORS IN THE SMALL CAR RANGE

The 1959 Ford Anglia and Popular

As the first stage of its 1959 programme of new models, the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., of Dagenham, Essex, have presented a radical new Anglia and a continuation of the old Anglia, with minor modification, under the name of Popular. The old-style Popular has been discontinued after six years of production as the world's lowest-priced saloon car. The new Popular still makes this claim, its basic price of £348 in the standard version being £32 cheaper than the old 100 E Anglia. (With tax it costs £494.) There are few exterior differences between the new Popular and the old Anglia, and the mechanical specifications are the same—a 1,172-c.c. engine with a three-speed gear-box.

The new Anglia, however, departs completely from the familiar Ford styling and has a new 4-cylinder 997-c.c. engine. It has a maximum speed of 75 m.p.h., and a fuel consumption of up to 50 miles per gallon can be expected; at 50 m.p.h., with a fully-laden car, the fuel consumption averages 44 m.p.g., and at 40 m.p.h., 49 m.p.g. Externally, the most striking feature is the rear window. From the roof this slopes inwards, giving, the makers claim, several advantages: more headroom over a wider area; full visibility to the rear without distortion; protection from the sun for the passengers in the back; and freedom from frost and snow in the winter. Still a two-door car, the new Anglia costs £589 (including tax) in the standard version and £610 in the de luxe version. Its basic price is only £35 more than the successful 100 E model, in 1958 Britain's leading export car.

(*See also page 34*)

INSIDE THE ANGLIA DE LUXE: In front of the steering wheel is the instrument panel with, to the right, the choke control and the key-operated ignition-starter switch. Underneath the numbers of the speedometer are warning lights for direction indicators, ignition, oil pressure and the headlight mainbeam. Left, beyond the light and wiper switches, is the glove compartment.

On right—

A STRIKING FEATURE: Sir Patrick Hennessy, chairman of the Ford Motor Company, indicates the reverse-angle rear window of the Anglia to Mrs. Nancy Mitchell, the International rally driver. The styling of the rear screen provides more headroom for passengers while giving protection from the sun.

On left—

THE BOOT: The Anglia's spare wheel is housed vertically in the luggage compartment, which provides 10 cubic feet of space. The standard version of the new Anglia costs £589, including tax.

GRUELLING TESTING: The new car is driven over rough ground at the company's test track at Dagenham, Essex. Testing the car for endurance and performance was carried out in several countries and over 500,000 miles of road were covered.

THE NEW POPULAR: One of the few differences from the 100 E Anglia model is the arrangement of the rear lighting—reflectors, turn indicators and stop lights, of a new circular design, being one above the other on extensions to the wings.

ROCKET PLANE OVER THE DESERT: The black, 50-ft.-long X-15 leaves a trail of white vapour as it flashes over the Mojave Desert, near the Edwards Air Force Base, in California.

Through the clear sky, ten miles above the barren Mojave Desert, the long needle-shaped X-15 left a trail of white vapour in a hundred-mile circle, during its first powered flight. A cross between an aircraft and a missile, the X-15 looks at present to be America's best hope of putting a man into space before the Russians. Released at a height of 38,000 ft. from the wing of its mother aircraft, the X-15, with the test pilot, Scott Crossfield, at the controls, made a three-minute powered dash, reaching a height of 50,000 ft., before it coasted for seven minutes to make its landing on the hard dust floor of the desert.

The 15-ton X-15 is designed to fly up to 125 miles above the earth's surface, on a brief parabolic 3,600 m.p.h. journey. During the first test flight, it was stated that everything functioned perfectly. Three escort planes flew close by. Afterwards, Scott Crossfield reported that in the powered phase he felt alone "just like in a voting booth." At the moment the craft is fitted with an "interim" power plant, consisting of two rocket engines burning 8 tons of a water-alcohol compound and liquid oxygen. Later it will have a single engine burning anhydrous ammonia, and several times more powerful. If it reaches its designed performance, the X-15 will carry man through the near vacuum, which exists 50 miles up outside the earth's atmosphere. It will then, in fact, be a guided missile, controlled in "altitude" only by small jets on its nose and tail. It is possible that an X-15 may eventually be sent into orbit round the earth.

Man on the Way into Space

A Successful First Powered Flight by the American X-15 Rocket Aircraft

MOTHER AND CHILD: The X-15, with Scott Crossfield, the chief test pilot of North American Aviation Inc., at the controls, flies below the mother aircraft, a B-52, from which it has just been released at a height of 38,000 ft. The rocket research aircraft soared to a height of 50,000 ft. and reached a speed of 1,400 m.p.h. during its three-minute first powered flight.

On right—

AFTER THE FLIGHT: The X-15 lands in a trail of dust at the Edwards Air Force Base. It is equipped with a retractable nose wheel and a tail skid. Controls are mounted on the rear of the fuselage; the space between them and the cockpit is taken up with liquid fuel tanks. It is thought that perhaps the X-15 may take a man out into space next year during a brief journey.

CLIFFS OF CORNWALL

Recent Acquisitions of the National Trust

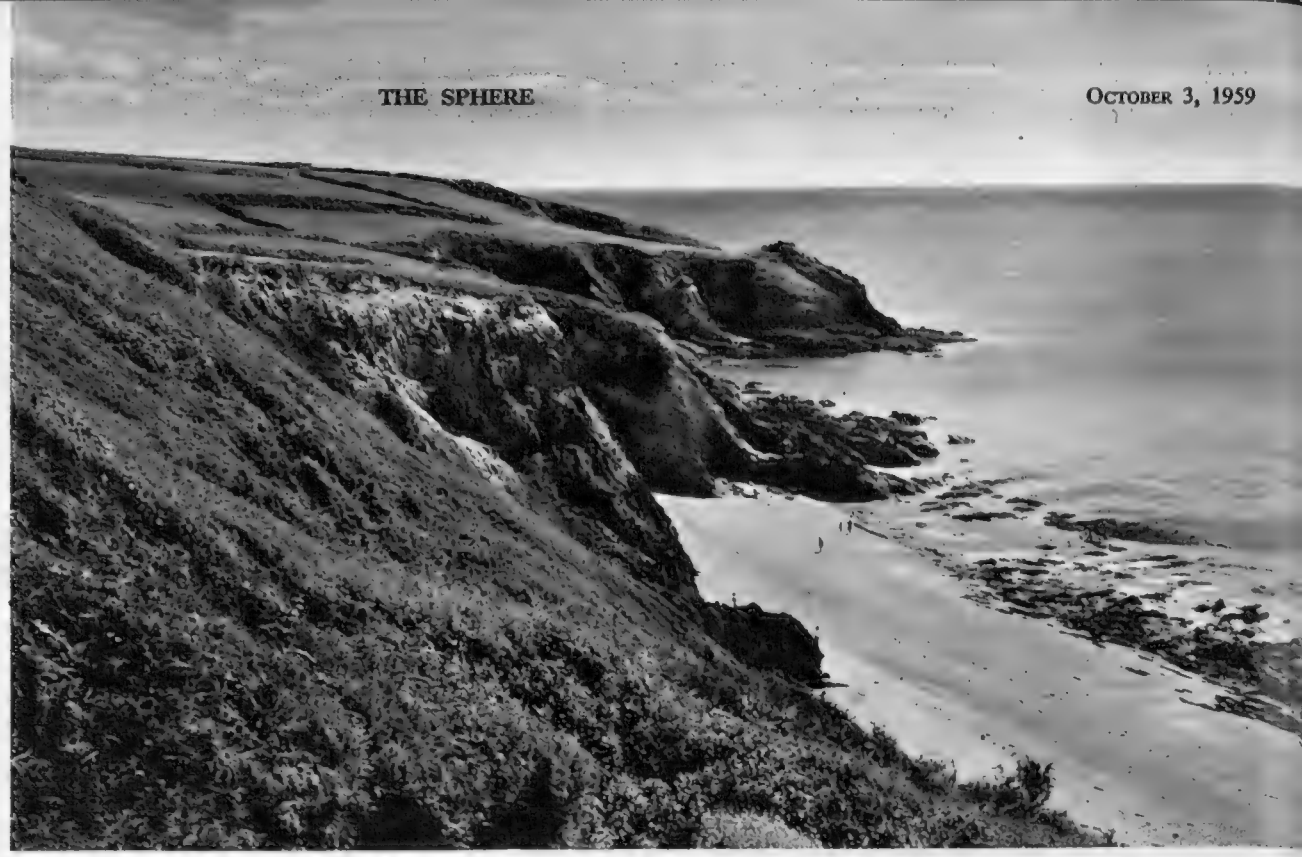
Nowhere else in England do the cliffs have quite the same granite-hard grandeur of Cornwall. In order to preserve their wild and lonely beauty, the National Trust has wherever possible acquired rights. Recently seven new areas have been added, a total of 903 acres, with restricting covenants over a further 208 acres. There is public access, subject to the needs of farming and forestry, to the areas, three of which are on the south coast and four on the north. These additions bring the total number of Cornish acres in National ownership to over 8,000 acres, with nearly 2,000 more protected.

On the south coast, Pencarrow Head, a 450-ft.-high cliff, near Fowey, with two remote beaches below, in all 264 acres of cliff and farmland, has been taken over by gift from an anonymous donor and by money bequeathed to the Trust. From Pencarrow, there are magnificent views to Bolt Head in the east and Dodman Point and the Lizard to the west. Around the hamlet of Bohortha, in the parish of St. Anthony-in-Roseland, near Falmouth, 433 acres have been transferred to the National Trust by the Treasury in payment of death duties. Roseland comes from the Cornish *ros*, meaning heath or moorland. At Gunwalloe, on the Lizard peninsula, 18 acres have been added to protect the 128 acres already owned between Poldhu and Church coves.

On the north coast 14 acres, chiefly of beach and foreshore at Port Gaverne, near Port Isaac, have been given by Lady Price and the children of Sir Keith Price. At Morwenstow, the Trust has bought land to protect the view from the church to the sea. The church, the name of which is derived from St. Morwenna, contains early Norman work and a Saxon font. Nearby is the vicarage built by the Rev. Stephen Hawker, whose life was as remarkable as the stories of shipwreck and smuggling along this wild coast. Between Boscastle and Bude, Pencannow Point has been acquired on the side of Crackington Haven. At Rosemergy, on the coast road from St. Ives to Land's End, 55 acres of wild cliffland, overlooking Brandy's Rocks and Bosigran Head, have been given by Mr. N. Thomas, in memory of his father.

On right—

VICARAGE CLIFF: North of Bude, the cliff at Morwenstow is known for Hawker's Hut, situated near its top. This was built by the Rev. Stephen Hawker, the nineteenth-century parson-poet, who was the originator of harvest festivals in their present form. In the background can be seen Sharpnose Point.



THE COASTLINE OF ST. ANTHONY-IN-ROSELAND: Now National Trust property, the area is round the village of Bohortha. Foreground is Porthbeor Beach, with Porthmellin Head in the background. The acquisition consists of 433 acres of farm and woodland, near Falmouth. It includes the headlands of Porthmellin and Killigeran, from which there are views over Falmouth Bay.

A ROCKY AND INDENTED COAST: Long breakers roll up the narrow inlet of Crackington Haven. In the background is Pencannow Point, acquired by the National Trust. Some 70 acres of cliff and farmland between Boscastle and Bude have been purchased.

FROM PENCANNOW POINT: The recent National Trust acquisition is the spur of land in the foreground. On the other side of Crackington Haven is Cambeak Headland, given to the Trust as a memorial to Battle of Britain air crews by Wing-Commander Parnall.

Prospecting for Underwater Oil

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IN the century since "Colonel" Edwin Drake brought in the world's first successful oil well at Titusville, in Pennsylvania, on August 27, 1859, the world must have used something of the order of 100,000,000,000 barrels of petroleum. Two-thirds of that will have been used since 1937; nearly half of it since the end of World War Two. Last year the world used some 6,500,000,000 barrels, considerably more than can have been used in the whole of history up to 1913. And the rate of growth is still accelerating; quite sober prophets think it may reach three times the present consumption in about a generation.

There is still a vast amount of oil left in the ground; "proven" reserves, which means the amount of oil known to lie within such a distance from existing wells that it could be taken out by present techniques, were estimated at some 260,000,000,000 barrels at the beginning of this year, and the oil industry has steadily been locating more oil each year than it takes out of the ground. On the other hand, there is no gainsaying the fact that it takes the oil out at a tremendous rate; disregarding arguments about running short, as the oil industry is accustomed to do, it still has a continuing and growing job of locating, proving and bringing in new oilfields. Edwin Drake may not have been a colonel, but he was a phenomenally successful oil driller: he found oil (and founded an international industry) with the first well he drilled. Nowadays, on average, only about one drilling in nine brings in a productive oil well. Drake had to go down only 69 ft.: a year or two ago a well in Pecos County, Texas, was bored to 25,900 ft. before Phillips Petroleum decided it was no go and sealed it off.

The proportion of successes in exploratory drilling, the average amount of oil extracted per well brought into production, and the probable "life" of oil reserves at current rates of extraction, vary widely between the different major producing areas of the world, according to the size of the different deposits and the periods during which they have been under development. But the constant pressure upon major oil companies to locate and prove at least as much crude oil each year as they take out has sent their exploration teams far beyond the boundaries of those major producing areas, into remote and hardly accessible parts of the earth. It has also, to an increasing extent since the war, sent them exploring under the sea.

IN THE PERSIAN GULF: The German-built *Adma Enterprise*, a drilling platform owned by the Abu Dhabi Marine Areas Limited, is at work on Umm Shaif Well No. 2. The Company is owned by the British Petroleum Company as to two-thirds and the Compagnie Française des Petroles as to the remainder. Working about 90 miles off the coast, the *Adma Enterprise* has accommodation for a crew of sixty. *Right*—A helicopter lands on *Adma Enterprise*. The nearest land is Das, a small island 20 miles away, used as a supply and rest camp.

Underwater oil did not wait for geologists to look for it; it made itself felt as far back as 1922, when a gusher spurted oil from beneath the surface of Lake Maracaibo, in Venezuela. This was not only one of the world's richest oilfields presenting its calling card to the industry; it was the beginning of underwater drilling. Techniques had to be developed to tap petroleum from beneath the shores of the lake, and quickly were; to-day there are several thousand wells there.

Offshore oil, from beneath the coastal seas, began to be developed just before the war, on the "continental shelf" off Louisiana. It was not developed immediately, because of American Governmental disputes about who owned mineral rights in these "shelf" areas; but when "States rights" were finally established in 1953, American oil companies waded eagerly into the Gulf of Mexico. Nor did it take oil geologists elsewhere long to recognise that continental shelves are to be found throughout the world. The estimated area of these shelves, from the coasts to the 100-fathom line of ocean depth, is about a fifth of the total surface area of dry land in the world, and is reckoned to contain relatively more sedimentary rocks of the kind in which petroleum is found. The shelves, along with the slopes that fall away from their edge to the ocean depths, are believed by some geologists to contain three times the volume of oil so far produced or located on land.

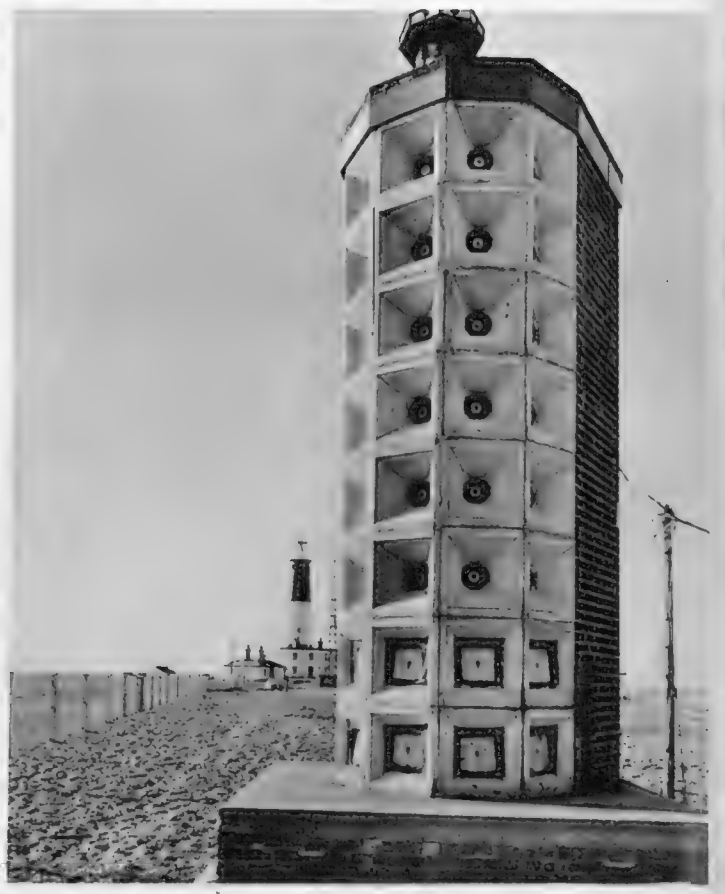
Oil from beneath the sea-bed of the Gulf of Mexico, in any case, is now in steady production; so is the Safaniya field, one of the richest single fields in the world, just off the Saudi Arabian shore of the Persian Gulf. Aramco discovered this field in 1951 and has now developed output from it to a high rate; it later found another significant field at Manifa, 30 miles to the south. ADMA, a company of which British Petroleum owns two-thirds, has developed an offshore well through to production near Das Island, in the Gulf; Shell is drilling off Qatar, and other companies in which Japanese firms and ENI, the nationalised Italian oil concern, have interests are also planning to drill beneath the waters of the Gulf. Shell has also been drilling for some years off the coast of Borneo, mainly from fixed platforms; so far no significant strikes of oil have been reported.

There are several ways to go about this underseas exploration. Some of the preliminaries that nowadays ordinarily precede oil exploration programmes, such as aerial photography and the examination of surface relief maps, are of no help. Seismography, which gains information about underlying strata by the extent to which shock-waves are reflected, can be done more cheaply at sea than on land; but systems that measure changes in the magnetism of the earth have not been uniformly successful over the sea, and gravimetric surveying, though effective, is more expensive than on land. The industry has occasionally employed frogmen—including Commander Cousteau's team—to gain information about the sea-bed. But the main instrument of exploration, at sea as on land, is the drill; the only finally reliable way to prove oil is there is to dig down and find it.

The platforms from which this drilling is done are of various kinds. Fixed platforms, the earliest developed, are erected on steel or reinforced concrete piles driven into the sea-bottom: to-day these are for the most part confined to the exploitation of known deposits, because of their cost and immobility. Smaller fixed structures are often used in conjunction with big marine tenders. In shallow waters, fully mobile drilling can be carried out from platforms between anchored floating pontoons.

But the large mobile platforms, designed to operate in depths of up to 100 ft., and to withstand high winds and waves, are the pride of the offshore exploration teams. Some are made with fixed legs to submerge on to the sea-bed; others have self-elevating "spud" legs that can be lowered to the required depth. Either may have to contain living quarters for, say, fifty people (two complete shifts for round-the-clock drilling), complete drilling equipment, food, water and fuel stores, power and light generation, radio and telephone installations, and most often a helicopter landing platform. Platforms of this type may cost £1,500,000 or more each. Even more recently, techniques have been developed by which drilling can be begun and carried on by remote wire controls from a ship anchored on the surface; this would enable exploration of the sea bed several hundred feet below the surface of the sea.

This is almost the costliest form of exploration for oil; only the fact that on land the industry is now being driven to prospect in the tropics and the tundra make it a worth-while alternative. The average cost of an offshore well in the Gulf of Mexico was described by a number of B.P. experts this summer as perhaps four times that of a similar well on land; but in comparison with locating and developing a well in Alaska, underseas oil looks a good deal more reasonable. In practice, the oil industry considers it worth while to step up its programmes of exploration offshore every year. The major British oil companies are engaged in this search: so, indirectly, are a large number of their British suppliers, engineering and heavy-plant companies who are managing to sell complete platforms, as well as every kind of prospecting and testing equipment, to the searchers of the sea-bed.



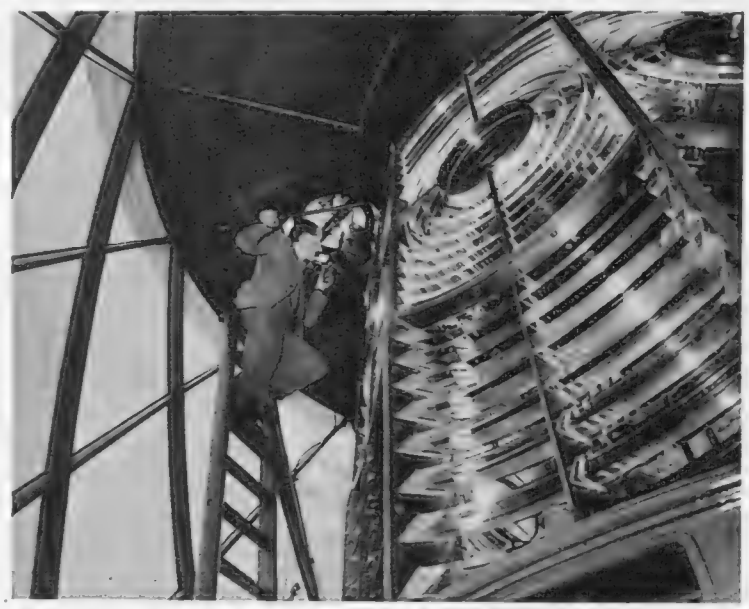
THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE AT DUNGENESS, KENT: *Left*—In a painting of the lighthouse can be seen the concrete base enclosing the machine room, the bands of coloured concrete, and in the upper white band the holes for sixty loud-speaker units forming the fog signal. *Centre*—On top of the existing Dungeness Lighthouse is a "blister" containing a radical new lamp, to be used in its successor. *Right*—The new foghorn consists of a bank of public-address speakers. It is hoped to finish the project early next year.

A REVOLUTIONARY AND AUTOMATIC LIGHTHOUSE FOR DUNGENESS

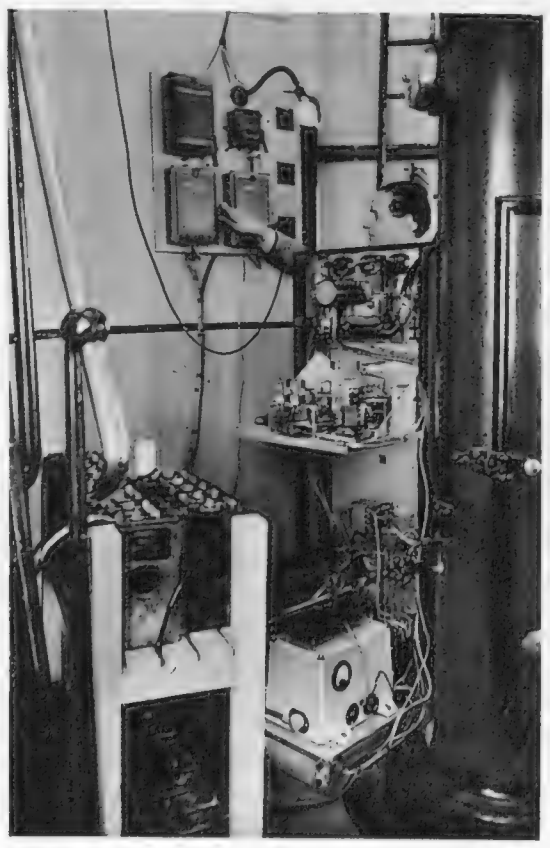
The first major lighthouse to be erected in Britain since the early days of the century, the new building at Dungeness will be revolutionary in architectural design and completely automatic in operation. It will be built by Trinity House to replace the present one, which will be hidden by the nuclear power station being erected there. The architects and engineers are Ronald Ward and Partners. Built on the shingle headland, the tower will rise 130 ft. from the white concrete base, formed by a spiral ramp enclosing the machine room. This will contain standby generators, fog signal equipment and the electrical controls. The slenderness of the tower is achieved by using prestressed concrete, so that with an overall diameter of 12 ft., the walls are only 6 ins. thick. In method, the construction employs a series of concrete drums placed one above the other, with high tensile steel wires running through the walls from top to bottom and tensioned with powerful jacks. The lighthouse will never need painting, as black and white concrete is being used. The upper white band is patterned with holes for the fog signal unit, which is automatically set in action when warned of the incidence of fog by the Trinity House fog detector made by Stone-Chance Ltd. This consists of a beam of modulated light, projected out to sea. A telescope, mounted in line with the beam, receives back light at the same frequency as the modulation. From the amount of light reflected by any obstruction in the atmosphere, the presence of fog is detected, and the fog warning is automatically sounded.

The light for the main beam is provided by a lamp of entirely new design, developed by Trinity House in conjunction with the A.E.I. Lamp and Lighting Co. Ltd. It is little bigger than a household electric bulb, but gives a light three times as powerful as the existing 212,000 candle-power paraffin light at Dungeness. Producing an arc discharge in xenon gas, the new lamp costs only £70 and gives an intense white light which makes possible the use of an inexpensive moulded glass lens. The present lens is 8 ft. tall, and would have cost some £60,000 to grind to-day.

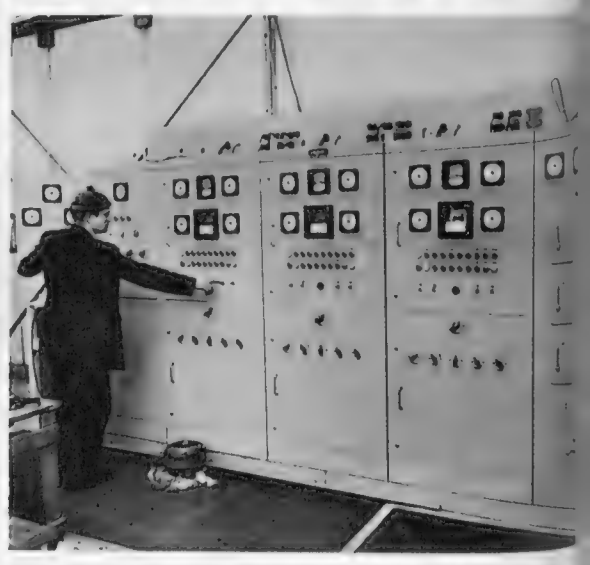
Since in an emergency the area of the nuclear power station might have to be evacuated, the new lighthouse will be entirely automatic in operation. Electronic equipment has been designed, capable of controlling the sequence of operations, from switching on the main beam at dusk to detecting the presence of fog. The switch-over to emergency diesel or battery-operated equipment will also be automatic. A new fog warning system has been developed consisting of a bank of public-address speakers. These transmit three notes at the same time, giving a penetrating and distinctive noise. Although it runs on only three kilowatts of electricity, the signal can be heard eight miles out to sea. It is hoped that the new Dungeness Lighthouse, past which about 1,000 ships voyage every month, will be completed early next year.



NEW AND OLD LANTERNS: The new light is fitted in a "blister" on the roof of Dungeness Lighthouse. Its size is much smaller than the 8-ft.-high lens of the old paraffin lantern, giving only a third of the power.



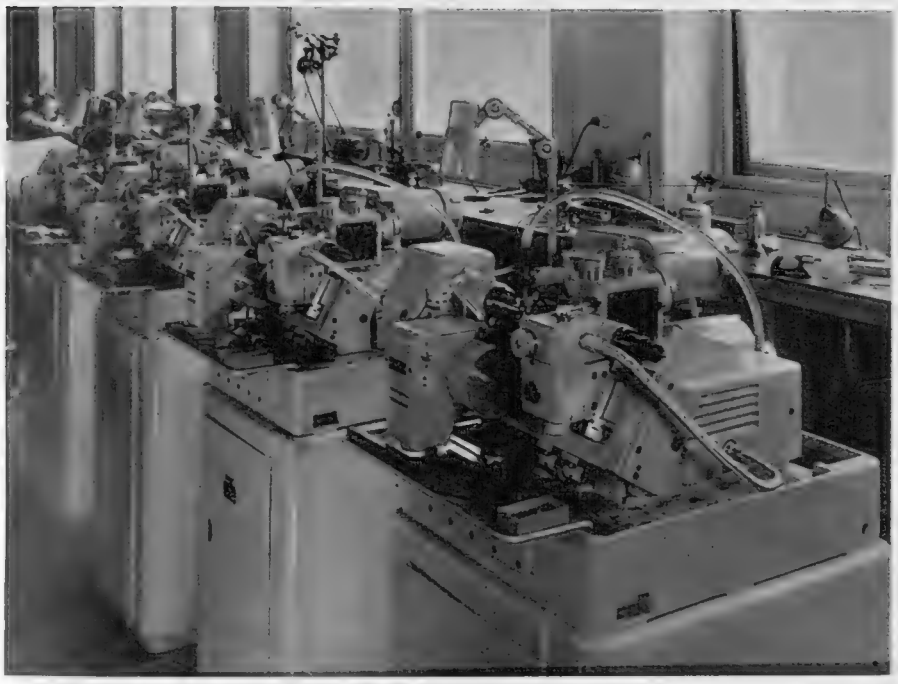
FOG DETECTOR: It projects a beam of modulated light out to sea. By the amount of light reflected back into the telescope, the presence of fog is detected.



A ROBOT LIGHTHOUSE: The automatic power plant, using three diesel engines, will be the "heart" of the new lighthouse. *On left*—The new lamp, producing an arc discharge in xenon gas, has complicated control apparatus. A "build-up" of 20,000 volts is needed to get the first spark across the arc of the lamp.

AIRCRAFT ON AGRICULTURAL DUTIES

Recently at the College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, Bedfordshire, the first demonstration on an international scale of the uses of aircraft in agriculture was held. Seventeen aircraft took part. *On the left* is a Djinn helicopter demonstrating spraying. The machine, which is powered by a jet engine at the rear, is manufactured by Sud-Aviation (of France), and was demonstrated by Crop Culture (Aerial) Ltd. *On the right* is the Auster Agricola, manufactured by Auster Aircraft Limited. It is one of the first aircraft to be specially designed for farming duties. It can be used for spraying; dusting; supplies and light freighting. It has a spraying range of approximately 27 yards. In addition to the demonstration there was an exhibition of aircraft, appliances and chemicals.



AUTOMATION IN WATCH MAKING: Only one attendant is required to look after the machines which are used for cutting watch parts. The sections are cut in a self-renewing oil-bath and are then dropped into a box ready to be collected for the next process—polishing.

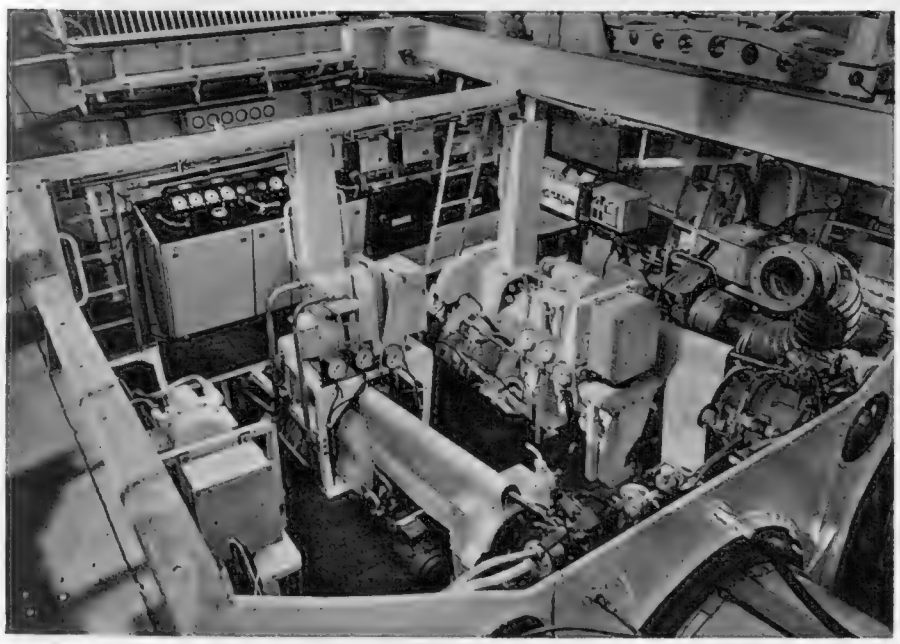
SWISS WATCH MAKING

During the Swiss fortnight from October 5 to October 17 in London and other British centres, a variety of Swiss goods will be exhibited. Watches will play a large part, watch making being one of the traditional Swiss industries. In modern watch making both craftsmanship and automation have parts to play. Special machines do tasks such as producing frames, making recesses in metal and drilling holes.

The craftsmen working in the factories and the assembly plants require patience and meticulous care in their work, where a precision of up to 1/10,000th part of a millimetre may be required. Men entering the watch-making trade spend four years in training. At the end of this time they are able to assemble in a space no bigger than a match-head, 19 wheels, 42 screws, jewels, springs and other parts—altogether 127 separate pieces. Some watches may have as many as 400 parts.

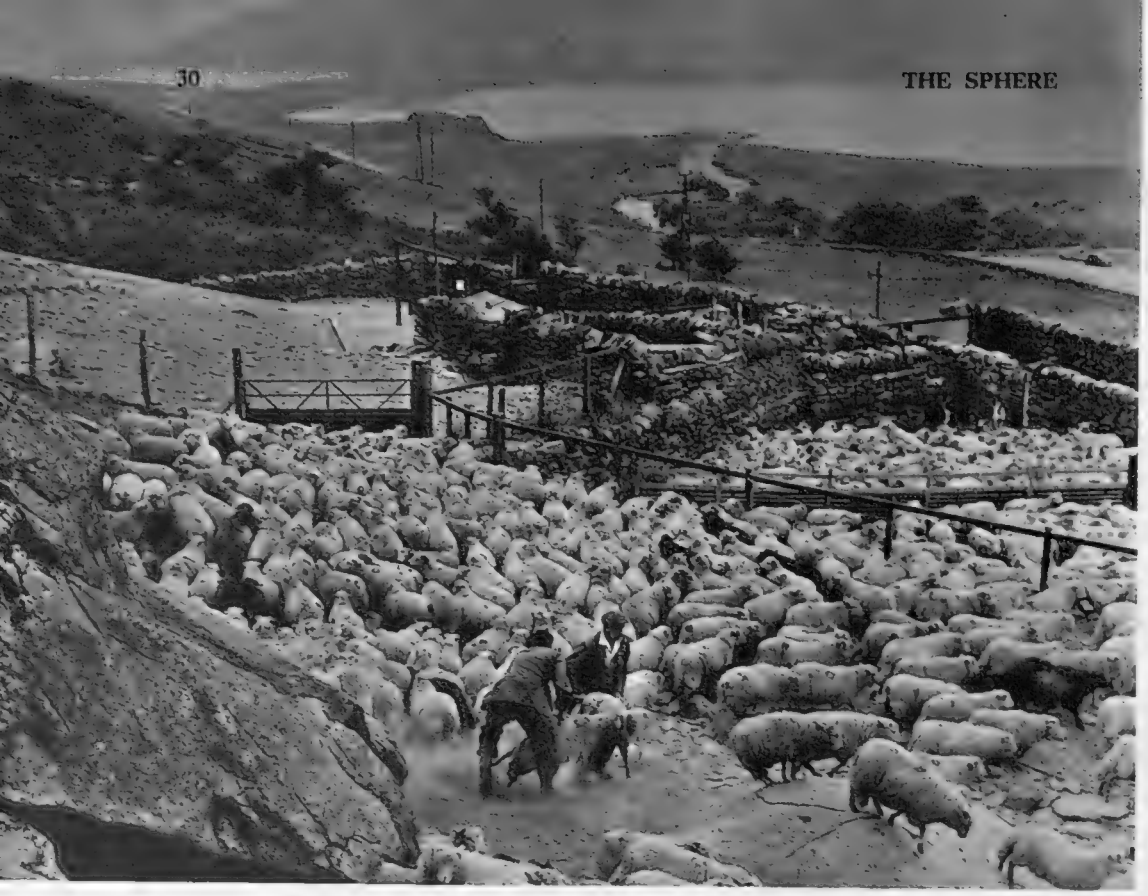
The work entails several separate tasks. Many of them depend on sureness of eye and a steady hand. Women are mostly employed on some jobs because they have a more delicate touch. Among these are: setting in place jewels acting as bearings; testing pivots; checking and fitting hair-springs; removing burrs from the minute and hour hands; and riveting balance wheels. One of the more interesting tasks is the cleaning of the parts before assembly. This is done twice, once chemically and a second time by inaudible sound waves. In the latter case the parts are immersed in fluid and supersonic waves cause vibrations ranging from 20,000 a minute to over 1,000,000 a second, shaking free the dirt.

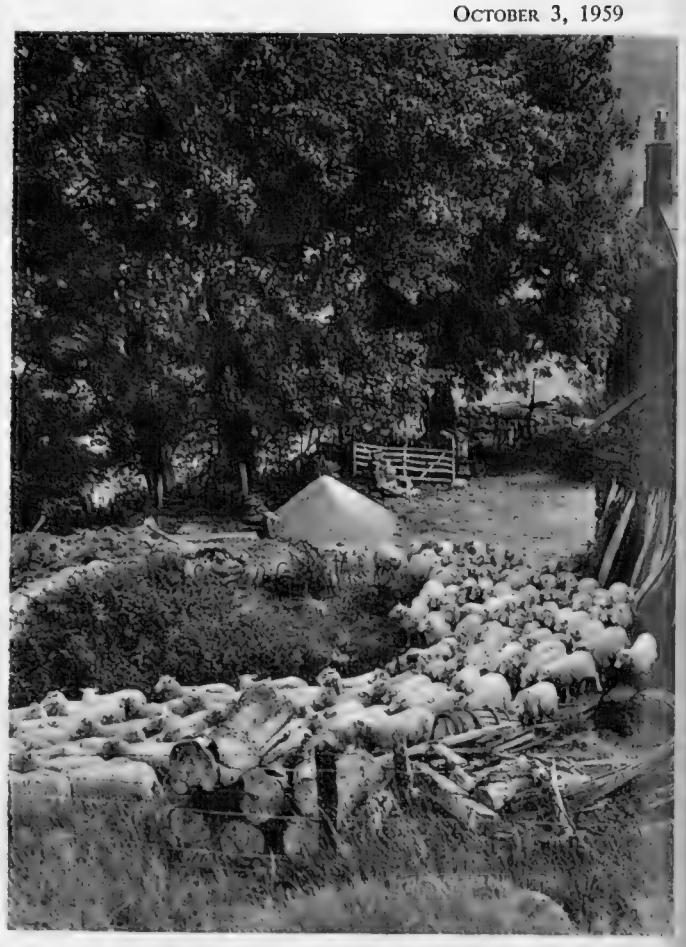
A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK: At the Rolex assembly plant at Geneva he is working on the Rolex Oyster case. The case is unconditionally guaranteed waterproof to a depth of 165 ft. below water.



A NEW 50-KNOT BOAT FOR THE ROYAL NAVY

The Royal Navy's *Brave* class of two fast patrol boats or convertible gunboats and torpedo boats is intermediate between the *Bold* and the *Dark* classes. H.M.S. *Brave Borderer* (*right*) was launched at the Porchester, Hants, yard of Vospers Limited, on January 7, 1958, and she is at present undergoing trials. The most striking feature of the boat is her speed; she has achieved over 50 knots, and it is believed that this is the first warship in any navy to have such a service speed. Her main machinery comprises three Bristol-Siddeley Marine Proteus gas turbines, each developing a maximum of 3,500 b.h.p. Transmission of power is through reduction and reverse gearing supplied by W. H. Allen and Sons Limited, of Bedford. Generating units are two Rover gas turbines driving Metropolitan-Vickers 40 kW. generators. *On the left* is a view of the engine compartments looking forward on the starboard side. In the centre are the after-part of the Bristol Proteus gas turbines, the Allen's gearing and the shafting. On the right are the electrical generators harnessed to the Rover gas turbines. In the background are the control panels.





ON A NORTH WALES SHEEP FARM

The Annual Sale at Dyffryn Mymbyr

SORTING THE SHEEP: Shepherds separate the rams from the ewes in the pens. This took place before the sale at the farm at Dyffryn Mymbyr, Capel Curig, in North Wales. More than 1,000 sheep and 100 cattle were sold at the sale, which is held at the farm every year. About 400 buyers went for the day.

ON THE WAY TO THE PENS: A herd makes its way through the yard at the back of the farmhouse. The sheep were scattered all over the farm's 3,000 acres and driven to the sale by varied routes.

IN THE PENS: Sheepdogs stand by as a herd of sheep crowds into a corner. Clouds of dust rise from the ground, parched after the long summer drought.

AFTER THE HERDING: Mrs. Esme Firbank, the owner of Dyffryn Mymbyr, prods one of a lot of sheep in the sale-ring. Farmers and buyers examine the sheep carefully. *Below*—Mrs. Firbank's niece hands a sandwich to Gwilym Hughes, the farm's shepherd, during a tea break. With them are neighbouring farmers who have helped in the gathering.

The Welsh mountain sheep is one of thirty recognised breeds in the United Kingdom. With the Scottish Blackface, the Cheviot, the Swaledale and the Herdwick—all bred in Great Britain—it is among the hardiest sheep in the world. Mountain sheep usually produce mutton of the finest quality, and before slaughtering they are in most cases brought down to the Lowland pastures to fatten. Their wool, on the other hand, is often of a coarse quality and is of a low market value.

Thomas Firbank's book *I Bought a Mountain* brought the farm of Dyffryn Mymbyr into prominence. Near Capel Curig, in Caernarvonshire, it lies in some of the wildest and most beautiful mountain country in North Wales. By British standards it is a large farm. In its 3,000 acres are the peaks of two mountains—Glyder Fawr (3,279 ft. high) and Glyder Fach (3,252 ft.)—which tower above the twin lakes of Capel Curig. It is sheep country; not the rolling plains of Australia nor the lush grasslands of New Zealand, but the rugged home of the Welsh mountain sheep.

The farm is now owned by Mrs. Esme Firbank and the pictures on this page show the gathering and sale of some of her livestock. In the gathering she is helped by neighbouring farmers who bring along shepherds and their sheepdogs. This is not an act of generosity, for when the time comes for their own gatherings all the farmers will receive similar assistance.

The gathering is not an easy task. The sheep are scattered all over the mountainsides right up to the summits. There are numerous rocky defiles which have to be searched for strays. Every year many sheep hidden away in these places are missed by the dogs. The sheep are herded down into the valley and then into the pens near the farm.

In the pens the sheep are sorted. Those which were missed in the last gathering are trimmed before the sale and are then sorted with the others. The sheep are separated into lots of twenty. The ewe lambs go together, the wether lambs, the extra strong wethers, and so on. Each lot is marked with a different coloured paint, which will wash out in warm water. At one time the marking was done with pitch, but the mills are unable to handle fleeces treated in this way; so the washable paints are now used.

At this year's sale there were 400 buyers and numerous other interested people. Over 1,000 sheep were offered for sale with more than 100 cattle. All were sold. It is reported that the prices were down this year because there are more sheep on the market—at 18,000,000, the sheep population in Great Britain is the highest for thirty years. The sheep were sold by auction, and buyers were given up to six months' credit. Because of this year's dry summer, "keep" for three weeks was offered for all livestock, except dairy cows and calves. A feature of the sale was that buses provided free transport for those coming from Caernarvon and Llanrwst.

Callas Sings in London

In a Sensational Recital at the Royal Festival Hall

A PROGRAMME OF OPERATIC ARIAS: Madame Callas smiles and acknowledges the applause of the audience during her recital in the Royal Festival Hall, in London. In the course of the evening she sang a number of extracts from operas which showed to the full her great ability as a dramatic singer.

When Maria Callas gave the name-part in Cherubini's *Medea* at Covent Garden last June, London critics were confirmed in their opinion that she is something of a rarity among operatic performers. She is primarily an actress, to whom singing is second nature. The great divas are natural singers who acquire dramatic ability as part of their art. The recital by Madame Callas last week provided nothing to alter this view. Indeed, on the evening of September 23, the serious opera-lovers were probably not at the Festival Hall but at Covent Garden, where Astrid Varnay was outstanding as Brunnhilde in *Die Walküre* in the Royal Opera's *Ring* cycle.

The programme chosen by Madame Callas demonstrated her great dramatic talent. Dressed in an evening gown and backed by no "props," she none the less created a real atmosphere in extracts from a number of operas. She acted and sang the mad scenes from Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* and Bellini's *Il Pirata*, neither of them particularly distinguished works of art. Verdi supplied her with her best contribution, in the sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*. But her performance of *Tu che la vanita* from the same composer's *Don Carlos* revealed the limitations of her voice.

While in London Madame Callas stated once again that there was "nothing romantic" in her much-publicised association with the Greek shipowner, Mr. Onassis, who has made frequent similar denials.

ARRIVAL: Stripping off her lamb's-wool coat, Madame Callas hurries into her hotel in London. On right is Mr. S. A. Gorlinsky, the impresario. Shortly before this, on arrival at London Airport, she had once again strongly denied any romantic association with Mr. Aristotle Onassis. In her recital at the Festival Hall on September 23, her programme included works by Verdi, Bellini and Thomas.

On left—

DEPARTURE: Madame Callas alights at London Airport to fly back to Italy. When she reached Milan, she said that the applause of the London audience "repaid me for all the bitterness" of matrimonial troubles. It was recently announced that she was seeking a judicial separation from her husband, Signor Meneghini.

A PLEA FROM MR. ONASSIS: At a port near Athens, on arrival from his yacht, the Greek shipowner requests a Press correspondent to "leave him in peace." *On left*—Mr. Onassis emphasises his plea. He has been as firm as Madame Callas in denying any "romance" between them.

The World of Books

MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM SLIM

A New Volume of Reminiscences; Autobiography and Biography; Life in Alaska; a Week of Varied Fiction

ONE of the really great soldiers to come out of two world wars is Sir William Slim, and both his record and his present eminence would make anything that he wrote significant or, at the very least, impressive. In happy fact, the Field-Marshal adds to his gifts that of being a natural, lucid and often humorous writer, so that any volume of reminiscence from him tends to be a "must" on grounds of enjoyment as well as of importance. This is particularly true of UNOFFICIAL HISTORY (Cassell. 21s.), in which he tells in an easy, almost conversational style, of smaller battles and campaigns than those with which he dealt in his last book, and succeeds, probably unconsciously, in giving the reader the best picture yet of the career which began in the ranks in 1914 (he was commissioned within three weeks) and has reached the military apogee of Field-Marshal.

Thousands of his friends and men who have served under him call him, quite simply, "Bill Slim." Having neither honour, I will only suggest that, for a piece of straightforward, vital and often highly entertaining writing, you should read and enjoy this excellent book of Sir William's. "I have little use for the what-I-have-said-I-have-said school of commander," he writes at one point, and I think that it is this flexibility and capacity for lightning re-assessment that have been two of the strengths in his immensely distinguished life so far.

Madame Alma Mahler Werfel has written memoirs of a very different order. AND THE BRIDGE IS LOVE (Hutchinson. 25s.) is the autobiography of a Viennese lady who is now eighty, who has had a brilliant but stormy life in the world of music, of painting and of letters and who has been married to Gustav Mahler, to Gropius and to Franz Werfel. In her old age she reviews her quite extraordinary life with its span from Imperial Vienna to contemporary New York, and examines, by no means coolly, the passions she can be said to have inspired, such as that of the painter, Oskar Kokoschka, and the degrees of love which she in turn felt for them. For if Alma Mahler Werfel (she keeps only the names of her two favourite husbands) has lived for music, appreciating, fostering and guarding the genius of the fine musicians she has known, she has also lived most humanly in and out of love. Her book is immensely readable in spite of one's moments of exasperation with it and a recurring feeling that not only has it lost nothing in the telling but that the writer has seen most events on a level of exaltation equal to a D'Annunzio novel.

David Livingstone's name remains a familiar and even a famous one throughout the English-speaking world. Dr. I. Schapera, Professor of Anthropology at the University of London, has with immense industry collected the personal correspondence of Livingstone, arranged and annotated it with comparable care and brought out two volumes of FAMILY LETTERS (Chatto and Windus. 60s. per set). The period covered in these books is from 1841 to 1848 and from 1849 to 1856, or seventeen years before Livingstone's death and long before the Stanley incident. The letters do, however, cover the whole term of Livingstone's career as a missionary in Bechuanaland and their editing and arrangement has been all the more a labour of love for Dr. Schapera, who is the author of several books on the native people of that country.

No letters that one has yet read of this remarkable man persuade one of his emotional depth; sympathy, filial affection, duty and intellectual and religious interest seem, on the other hand, to be their inspiration. But this new collection, the great majority of which have never been published before, do show him in a far clearer and more human light than before as he writes to his parents about their plans or, more generally, his plans for them, their illnesses and his suggested cures. Letters to his friends in which he mentions his children are warmer than most and it is easy to deduce his love for them, though his letters to his wife would be regarded nowadays, and I should think even then, as excessively stiff. Altogether a fascinating work and the story the letters tell of Livingstone's fabulous journeys is best of all.

MOONLIGHT AT MIDDAY (Michael Joseph. 25s.) is Miss Sally Carrighar's book about Alaska, combining tremendous zest for living with a great deal of information about the country itself, its ways of life and its people, with particular reference to the Eskimos. Now, the Eskimos, as I have always read but not so far found out for myself, are among the most engaging races in the world; friendly, helpful and with a considerable sense of fun. They are also highly ingenious and make clever use of the few materials they have to work with. Eskimos know only hard living conditions and yet they are able to make their existences tolerable, are well if monotonously fed, have very definite æsthetic senses—as anyone who has seen their carvings will agree. The rigours of the Far North are not liable to get them down and, as the author puts it, those who go to the Eskimo country find that they have to submit to the discipline Arctic nature enforces, and in the end they become, in some ways, like the Eskimos themselves. This, the whole tenor of Miss Carrighar's book implies, is an excellent thing, and after reading what she has to say about these "fine, complete people," one is likely to agree.

LORD MAYOR-ELECT OF LONDON: Sir Edmund Stockdale is seated with his wife. At Michaelmas he was named to succeed Sir Harold Gillett at the traditional ceremony in Guildhall. He will take office next month. Educated at Wellington College, Sir Edmund entered the Bank of England in 1921 and rose to become Deputy Principal. He was elected to the Court of Common Council of the City in 1946.

Mr. Keith Waterhouse is a relatively new and certainly young novelist whom I recommend to your attention if you don't already know his work. BILLY LIAR (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is only his second book and it is concerned with a young man living at home with his parents and grandmother in a small and fairly unattractive Yorkshire town. He is personable, engaged to three girls at the same time, perpetually dissatisfied with present conditions, which include working as clerk in an undertaker's office, and he escapes for the greater part of his waking hours into his own world of fantasy. Mr. Waterhouse's acute observation is admirable but his sense of humour is even more to be praised.

THE PATCHWORK HERO (Heinemann. 15s.) is another study of youth, this time of a nine-year-old boy in an Australian port, who hero-worships his blu drinking, hard-swearing, essentially kindly father a for his rare visits to land from the tugboat of whi captain. Mr. Michael Noonan has a keen eye, eccentrics and some of the father's boon com most of them as Irish as Paddy's pig, are delightful types. There is pathos here, too, and good humo than wit. A likeable book and occasionally a touch

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PA (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is by a young writer, Yukio Mishima, who is known as the boy" of post-war literature in his own country already been responsible for nine novels, plays and book. His theme in the present book is a som and concerns a youth who is the son of a pries himself studying in the temple whose beauty h a lifelong obsession to him. He survives the war, the temple, but gradually his own infirmity, a pa stutter which has the effect of destroying his with women, makes him pathologically morb he decides that his only solution is to dest temple and himself. A strange and melancho

Mr. John Prebble's book ab American West, THE BUFFALO SOL (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), has the a of recorded history rather than the th slick "Western," and is all the bette The period is shortly after the Civil the scene the borders of Texas where of Negro cavalrymen, till recently sla been raised under the command of lieutenant. His assignment is to peace between the Texans and a Comanche Indians who have acce white man's ruling and live in a res In the main, the story is about th man and his friendship with an Indi and very effectively it is done. An chapter in history and a revealing one.

THE BITTER CONQUEST (Hod Stoughton. 15s.) is also concerned period in history not often celebrated or story. This is the time after t of Culloden when an English occupation was in Scotland and wh commanding officers, or those of th enough imagination, saw the enduri among the Scots whom they were re bring to law and order. Charity B writes with a certain sense of drama melodrama, and keeps the atmos lowering and cold as a winter sa the Highlands.

THE GHOST OF MONSIEUR SCARRO lancz. 18s.) is the third of this week's historica and is the best. This book is the result of min seven years of research and although Janet Le her erudition lightly it informs her writing thr The scene is Paris at the epoch when Madame tenon was the favourite of Louis XIV and when King's court at Versailles was the focus of ever man's ambition and every traitor's intrigue. I this time that there occurred a famous or infam carriage of justice and with that the author de liantly, illuminating the background and the p characters who acted out their lives in front of

A young English woman married to a French officer in the entourage of the Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa twenty years ago was determined to avoid the boredom common in official circles. In DEVILS IN WAITING (Longmans. 18s.) Mary Motley tells us how she achieved her object. She went out to Brazzaville, eager for new excitement, only to encounter a prim and stuffy life. She quickly threw off the shackles of convention. The result is a most engaging book that gives a deep insight into native life and customs, and touches closely upon the realms of fetish and witchcraft. Mary Motley has written a remarkable record of strange experiences in Africa. She also supplies plenty of human interest and comedy, whether we are asked to listen-in at ludicrous dinner-party conversations in the Governor's palace or to accompany a pompous Parliamentary visitor on a trip to the interior with, in charge of the train, a cannibal engine-driver, newly let out of prison and freed from his shackles in order to do the honours.

Giovanni Jacopo Casanova de Seingalt, the Italian adventurer of the eighteenth century who began his scandalous career when he was dismissed at an early age from the seminary of St. Cyprian in Venice, and who ended it just as his gay world was disappearing in the tidal flood of the French Revolution, left behind him a vast series of memoirs. They are clever, interesting and cynical commentaries on the social world of the eighteenth century, though as far as Casanova himself is concerned in all probability wildly inaccurate. Arthur Machen's translation of the memoirs is now being presented in a new and unabridged edition. Volume II,

TOTEM AND TABU

Conventions in French Equatorial

PARIS AND PRISON (Elek-Putnam. 30s. Casanova embarked on his fabulous career as th greatest lover. Still very young, but with experience of life, our hero makes his bow at ing Court of Louis XV. His antics take above and below stairs with bewildering The recital of his amours becomes monoton when it is considered that they were compose was a feeble and toothless old man, their pace are really extraordinary.

In a single generation world transport transformed, and the nations that once comp seven seas for the carrying trade of the worl their competition in the skies. Everyone in justly proud of the way her civil aviation se developed, and of the remarkable aircraft pioneered the fast-developing air routes. SEVEN SKIES (Putnam. 30s.) John Pudne this progress, and at an appropriate time, marks the fortieth anniversary of British civ and the opening of the London-Paris route employment of converted war planes. The of the routes to India and Australia and African continent, and the creation of th bridge, provide an enthralling theme for an a is able to tell his story with obvious ma

H-PAST OF THE SCOTS GUARDS: The Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Regiment, takes the salute at the march-past on the Esplanade of Stirling Castle, in heavy rain, after the ceremony of the laying-up of the Colours.

IKS BETWEEN THE SCOTS GUARDS AND STIRLING

e colours carried by the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards ninety years ago were laid-up in the church e Holy Rude at Stirling to commemorate the connec- between the regiment and Stirling. The Guards ded a garrison in the castle 300 years ago. Taking in the laying up ceremony was the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Regiment, who afterwards took the e at a march-past on the esplanade in heavy rain. arried by the 1st Battalion in the years between 1863 1868, the colours bear the battle honours of Egypt, era, Barosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman Sebastopol—historic battles from the Napoleonic and ean Wars in which the famous regiment took part. the ceremony, in which the colours were handed into harge of the Rev. Charles Edie, minister of the enth-century church, they were wreathed in laurel to nemorate the battle of Alma, the first pitched battle of rimea, fought on September 20, 1854.

AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY RUDE AT STIRLING: The Colours, which were laid up to commemorate the links between Stirling and the Scots Guards, bear the battle honours of Egypt, Talavera, Barosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. They are wreathed in laurel in commemoration of the anniversary of Alma, fought in the Crimea.

rity without ever getting immersed too deeply in echnical field.

hen *Moana*, the account of the fascinating journey 40-ft. cutter from Dinard to Tahiti, was published 56 Bernard Gorsky's thrilling narrative was widely imed. Now very properly, for we have all been ng to know about it, Mr. Gorsky tells us of the ward journey. MOANA RETURNS (Elek Books. has just the same pace and excitement as the r volume. Papete, the Cook Archipelago, the as, Papua, Savage Island and Thursday Island are of *Moana's* places of call, and whether ashore, or under the sea (for Gorsky and his companions reat explorers of the ocean depths), the author us in his spell by his own joy in adventure and nsummate ability to describe all he sees and hears.

ere are two outstanding books of archæological rch, both of them scholarly and immensely read- Henri Lhote's THE SEARCH FOR THE TAS- FRESCOES (Hutchinson. 35s.) is the first full t of the discovery of the wealth of prehistoric ings of the Tassili-n-Ajjer, in the Central Sahara. e magnificent rock frescoes, some of them 8,000 old, were fully revealed for the first time in 1956. hote not only tells the story of his great expedition, gives reproductions of the major finds, many of in full colour. Paul Ilton's DIGGING IN THE Y LANDS (W. H. Allen. 21s.) is the work of an eologist who has had many successes in combing ancient lands of the New and Old Testaments.

R. C. E.

STARS OF THE PARIS SALON

Fine Appearance of the New British Models; a New Engine for the Rolls-Royce and Bentley; the New Ford Anglia and the Old Anglia Under Another Name

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MORE new British models are making their first exhibition appearance at the Paris Salon, which opened on Thursday, than at any previous show. The Salon is dominated by British cars. They are models of which our motor industry can be proud. There was a time when the styling of most of the British models at the Paris Salon left much to be desired. Some of them looked distinctly old-fashioned. Now all that is changed and although some of the Big Five have thought fit to go to Italy for help in the styling of their latest models, it is true to say that the British cars on view in the Grand Palais are a better-looking lot than in any previous motor show, in Paris or anywhere else.

Among the new cars on view in Paris are a number which have been announced since my last article appeared in THE SPHERE. I refer to the new Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Ford models.

The most important single feature of the Rolls-Royce and Bentley models for 1960 is the new aluminium 6¼-litre V-8 engine which powers them all, and about which I shall have more to say later. Externally the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II and Bentley S2 are unchanged, but there are a number of mechanical refinements apart from the new engine. The chassis of the Bentley Continental has been improved and coachwork of even greater elegance than before is available from the leading specialist firms. The Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith limousine has been replaced by an entirely new model, the Phantom V, the largest Rolls-Royce ever made and designed mainly for the man—or firm—with a chauffeur.

Equally important, in another class of motoring, is the new Ford Anglia, which is certainly one of the top stars at the Paris Salon. The only thing that is not new about this car is its name. It has an overhead-valve, over-square engine of just under 1,000 c.c., and a four-speed gear-box. It is a car of conventional design, with the engine at the front driving the rear wheels and with semi-elliptic springs at the back. The new Anglia, which I shall be describing at greater length later in this article, costs £589, including tax. The basic price is only £35 more than the old Anglia, which now comes on the market under a new name. It takes the place of the old Popular, that splendid old pack-horse, with the high roof-line and harsh springing, which has been for so long Britain's cheapest full-size saloon.

The new Rolls-Royce 8-cylinder engine of 6,230 c.c. has been under development for five years under the direction of Mr. Harry Grylls, chief engineer of the Rolls-Royce Company. It replaces a 6-cylinder, 4,887-c.c. unit which has powered Rolls and Bentley models in basically the same form since the war. The two banks of four cylinders are set at an angle of 90 degs. Of the fine old engine it replaces, a Rolls-Royce engineer told me: "It had reached the peak of its development within the limits of smoothness traditional to Rolls-Royce." The new 8-cylinder engine fits neatly under the bonnet of the Silver Cloud II and Bentley S2 models and weighs no more than the old 6-cylinder unit.

There are hydraulic tappets and the engine is "over square"; in other words, the cylinder bore measures more than the stroke. Compression ratio remains unchanged at 8 to 1. Rolls-Royce are still making a secret of the new engine's brake horse-power. When asked the power output of the old engine Rolls engineers used to say: "It is adequate for all purposes." Ask them the same question about their new V-8 unit and they answer: "It is more than adequate." Having driven the new Silver Cloud II, I can amply confirm this. The car is unbelievably smooth and quiet, especially when the new refrigerating plant is fitted, and you can drive with all the windows closed.

The Rolls-Royce Company still prefer their own drum brakes to the disc brakes now used on many British cars. They say they have nothing against disc brakes, but they consider that at their present stage of development they do not do the job any better than the drum brakes they have evolved over the years. In the case of the Silver Cloud II and Bentley S2 the braking has been revised to give the front drums a bigger share of the work. Bigger shock absorbers have been fitted at the front.

One small refinement which Rolls and Bentley owners will appreciate is the use of a smaller and thinner steering wheel. It somehow seems much better suited to the powered steering which is standard on all Rolls and Bentley models, and which helps to make these cars such a joy to drive. A four-speed automatic gear-box is also standard on these cars. Push-button control of the windows is an optional extra. So is the new system of refrigeration, now neatly tucked away under the front wings instead of taking up space in the boot. It costs £389 extra, including tax, and I should say that on a car in this price bracket it is well worth having, even if only for its de-humidifying powers. It works on the same principle as the ordinary household "fridge," but is fifty times as powerful. The heating, cooling and de-misting apparatus fitted as standard on all Rolls and Bentley models has been greatly improved. It works either on its own or in conjunction with the refrigerating system.

For more than thirty years Rolls and Bentley models have had a one-shot chassis lubrication system. You could grease all the vital chassis bearings, even when driving along, by pressing your foot on a pedal under the dash. On their new models the firm have gone back to the use of grease nipples—twenty-one of them. But they are of the "long life" variety and go 10,000 miles without needing further attention.

The prices of both the Silver Cloud II and Bentley S2 have gone up by £425, tax included. They now cost £5,802 and £5,661 respectively, the difference being entirely due to the Rolls-Royce radiator, which is still hand-made.

On view at the Paris Salon are two of the latest Bentley Continental models: one with a drophead coupé body by Park Ward (£7,856), the other being the latest version of the four-door "Flying Spur" by H. J. Mulliner (£8,054). To match the higher cruising speeds made possible by the new V-8 engine, the Continentals are fitted at the front with a new Rolls-designed "four-shoe" brake which spreads the braking effort more evenly over the larger friction area, which has been increased from 240 to 300 sq. ins.

THE FRANKFURT INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-CAR EXHIBITION: The Volkswagen stand is in the form of a ship moored at a quay, symbolising the car's heavy share in West Germany's exports. The show opened on September 17. Nine British companies were exhibiting twenty-one models, a bigger share in the show than any other foreign country. The number reflects British determination to take a bigger part in the Federal Republic's market, stated to be one of the largest in the world. For the first time at this show Soviet and East German cars were represented.

A NEW ROLLS-ROYCE: The Phantom V seven-passenger limousine, with coachwork by Park Ward, has a length of 19 ft. 10 ins. and a wheelbase of 12 ft. Costing £8,904 (including tax), it has an aluminium, 8-cylinder, 6,230 c.c. engine.

Keeping the Continentals company at the Paris Salon is one of the new Phantom V touring limousines with coachwork by James Young. This is a luxurious car which Rolls-Royce have produced—to quote their own words—"for those people in the modern business and political world who require a spacious, luxurious vehicle in which to transport their important guests and executives." A Rolls spokesman added: "In fact, the sheer lavishness of space in the Phantom V is likely to attract many private individuals who have grown weary of bending double to squeeze into the squat depths of the average modern motor-car." Overall length of the Phantom V is just under 20 ft. and the wheelbase is 12 ft. As was the case with the Silver Wraith range which the new Phantom V replaces, only bodies built by the specialist coachbuilders will be fitted to the Phantom V chassis which alone costs £3,130, excluding tax. A seven-passenger limousine Park Ward version costs £8,904, a touring limousine by H. J. Mulliner, £8,685. This new model revives a famous Rolls-Royce name. The first Phantom came out in 1925, the Phantom II in 1929. The Phantom III, of 1935, had a V-12 engine.

The most interesting feature of the new 70 m.p.h. Ford Anglia is that the attractive, raked-back rear window was introduced not as a styling feature—though it gives the car a distinctive, sophisticated air—but to provide more head room for the rear passengers. In designing the new Anglia, Ford engineers kept two things right in the forefront of all their planning: the need to give really adequate room in the rear seat for two full-sized adults and the need to improve on the fuel consumption of the old Anglia by at least 10 miles to the gallon. There really is a lot of room in the back seat (on which I have already made some long journeys) and the Ford Motor Company claim a petrol mileage figure of up to 43 to the gallon. The free-revving, over-square engine of 997 c.c. (which replaces the old Anglia's 1,172 c.c. side-valve unit) develops 39 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. and permits the car to accelerate from nought to 60 m.p.h. in 30 seconds.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

SUMMER-TIME ENDS. What a wonderful summer it has been. Rarely a day without sunshine, and as a consequence I have heard few complaints of holidays spoilt by weather or grizzles of hotels I have recommended.

With the end of summer-time I am conscious of a change of pattern in the hotel world.

Those remaining open are now soliciting our late-holiday patronage or encouraging us to take up winter residence and thus eliminate our fuel, light and staff expenses.

By and large there is much in favour of this pleasant form of community—carefree living, and if you have not tried it before, now is the time to settle in before what might prove a trying winter.

Of course, in such an experiment it is necessary to choose the hotel most likely to suit your mode of life, the locality to suit you and your purse.

You can live luxuriously at 20 guineas a week, or in more modest establishments as low as 6 guineas. Roughly, it can be assumed that residential inclusive weekly terms can be had from 20 per cent. to 33⅓ per cent. reduction on summer accommodation in the high season.

How is it that hotels can so cut their prices? The answer is simple. Many an hotel stays open to keep key staff, plus the knowledge that a warm building means that Jack Frost and his kidney are kept out.

Certainly they do not expect to make any profit from our patronage, but they will hope to ensure that summer profits are not swallowed up by winter overheads. So there are some real bargains in winter hotel accommodation to be picked up, and not basement ones either.

Sidmouth has always won recognition as a winter resort, for, protected by the surrounding hills, its visitors are cosily encased from winter's ill winds.

Among a number of hotels I can recommend there, I want this week to spotlight The Victoria Hotel, because Mr. H. L. Neighbour, its genial general manager, has stressed that he applies his "Come and be spoilt" slogan to those who would appreciate the amenities of a first-class fully-licensed hotel, where a full key staff are retained. In spite of reduced terms (from 9 guineas a week inclusive) winter residents can still enjoy summer-time *table d'hôte* menus—even to smoked salmon and oysters on occasions—plus all the warmth and amenities of a first-class hotel (Christmas and New Year period obviously excepted). Naturally those who desire a double room as a single, a private bathroom, sitting-room or both, pay more, but whatever the accommodation I rate it as a bargain.

Now for an entirely different thought. How about the Channel Isles for the winter months? The weather is kindly—snow is looked upon as a phenomenon, and should you smoke or like your daily drink, what a saving can be effected in that alone. In Guernsey I can strongly recommend Old Government House, of which a reader recently endorsed my own views. He wrote—"I visited this hotel in late June. I found it vastly improved from a previous visit about three years earlier. A new cocktail bar and dance floor has been built as an extension. The dining-room has also been enlarged with a magnificent sun loggia window. Over the dining-room a number of magnificently appointed bedrooms have been constructed on the first and second floors. These have almost a 'Royal suite' atmosphere about them, with their own luxury bathrooms and private balconies overlooking the harbour, Herm and Sark Islands. The food was excellent, with a perfect wine list, and attractive staff."

In Jersey, a number of hotels have an established winter residential trade each year. Of the larger hotels I would specially cite The Ommaroo Hotel, in St. Helier. A long-established family hotel, the directorate are fortunate in having as their resident manager Mr. P. R. Bowey, who is assiduous in looking after the needs of their resident guests.

For a country-house type of hotel in St. Helier itself, The Beaufort Hotel, under the personal supervision of Mrs. K. M. Thompson, the owner, is well worth noting by those appreciative of imaginative Continental cuisine and preferring a smaller fully-licensed hotel (twenty-two bedrooms).

Nor, in the country-house class, must I omit mentioning Longueville Manor Hotel, a mile outside the town, again run by the resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Lewis.

For those who prefer to be entirely aloof from town life yet within easy reach by bus or car, La Haule Manor, in St. Aubin, makes a strong appeal, for Mrs. Parker has now a regular clientele who return to winter in her happily-run home year after year.

The news has just reached me that The Links Hotel, Grouville, under the new ownership of Major Le Sueur and his wife, is to remain open during the winter months, and I feel confident that if country-house comfort plus golf at the garden gate appeals to some warm winter-quarter seeker, the claims of the Links Hotel are well worth investigation.

In conclusion, Brighton, with its excellent electric train service, is another suggestion. Here I recommend Nevill House Hotel, occupying a corner site on Marine Parade, high above the beach and at the quiet end of the town.

Our recommendation of Nevill House is based on the solid foundation of continuity of ownership and management. Mrs. Crabtree, Mr. and Mrs. Weston and their family have not only been the moving spirits but have progressed constantly with the times and at the period of our visit an extensive scheme of redecoration and refurnishing had just been completed and an automatic lift installed.

At the same time, though modern demands have also been catered for by the installation of central heating, wireless in bedrooms and television, a comfortable old-fashionedness still remains which partly accounts for the fact that in the winter months the hotel keeps almost full.

BATH, Somerset. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
standing in own beautiful grounds, distinctly individual, with an appeal to all irrespective of age. Every comfort and excellent cuisine. Delightful Cocktail Bar and Grill Room. Week-end dancing. Garage. Tel.: 5891/2/3.

BOURNEMOUTH, WEST. BOURNE HALL HOTEL
Popularly priced. In key position for sea, shops and shows. Hard tennis court. Lock-up garages. Lift. Private bath. Generous and varied menus. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
Patronised by Royalty. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying maximum sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central heating. Excellent garage facilities. A.A.***** Tel.: Bournemouth 22011.

NR. BOURNEMOUTH, SANDBANKS. HARBOUR HEIGHTS HOTEL
Outstanding in food, wine, service and position. Overlooking Poole Harbour. Close sands, sea, sailing. Golf (Parkstone). Fully licensed. Tel.: Canford Cliffs 77272.

CHESTER. THE BLOSSOMS
The atmosphere of the past, the amenities of the present and food and wine to be remembered are characteristics of this famous hotel; a landmark for three centuries in this lovely old city. Advance reservations are advisable. Tel.: 23186.

CIRENCESTER, Gloucestershire. KING'S HEAD
Where Roundheads and Royalists once clashed, modern travellers enjoy a bedroom with private bath, and excellent food in a gay restaurant. Tel.: 677.

FOLKESTONE, KENT. PRINCES HOTEL
70 rooms. A.A.***. Central and sheltered, is always in season. Lift. Fully licensed. Attractive B.B. or *en pension* terms. Tel.: 2850.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
eminently suitable for warmth and comfort during the winter months. Central heating throughout. Suites and 60 bedrooms, all with private bathrooms. Excellent cuisine and service. Billiards. TV. Lift. On sea front. Own full-length 9-hole golf course, (Mr. T. W. Spence, Pro.). Tel.: 67441.

NR. HONITON, Devon. DEER PARK HOTEL
(off Honiton/Exeter road) Georgian mansion in 30-acre park. For a meal, a quiet night or admirable base for holidays. Own fishing, squash, tennis, bowls, shooting, billiards. Sea 6 miles. Licensed. Tel.: Honiton 64.

CHESTER or MERSEYSIDE. Visiting either on business or pleasure, please note
CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL and CLUB
(on Chester/Hoylake road) for luxurious comfort and country-house contentment. Tel.: Hooton 3111.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed. Phone all rooms; suites. Central heating throughout. Putting. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS
Visiting Lancashire—and would appreciate a private bathroom, excellent cuisine and service plus a quiet, healthy sea aspect? Then this is the hotel to make for. Tel.: Lytham 6245.

NR. MELKSHAM, Wilts. SANDRIDGE PARK HOTEL
Well placed overlooking Avon valley for a night's stop or long stay. Country-house spaciousness, warm and sunny. Quietly situated. Exceptional cuisine. Fully licensed. 3-star, A.A. and R.A.C. Tel.: Melksham 3388.

ST. MAWES, S. CORNWALL. HOTEL TRESANTON
Small and luxurious. Set in sub-tropical gardens. Overlooking the sea. First-class food and service. Club Bar. Open for Christmas. Tel.: 322.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
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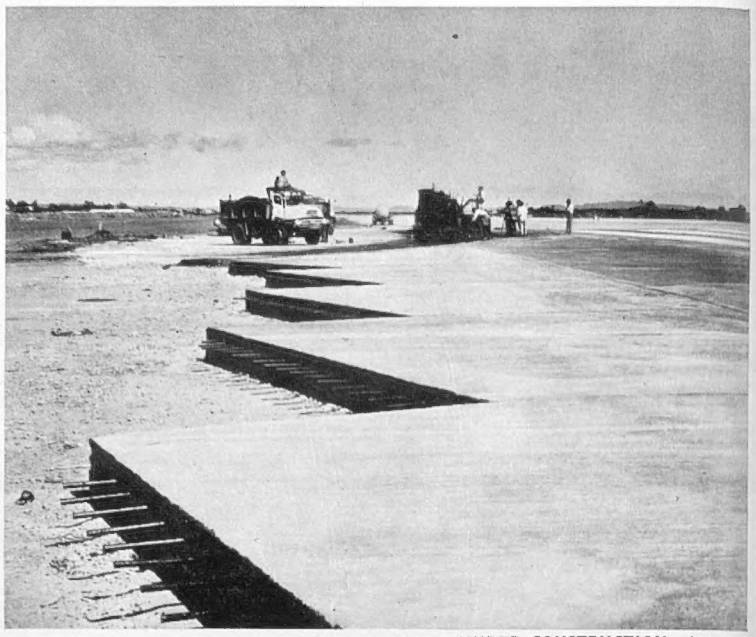

RUNWAY IN THE PACIFIC: The new two-mile-long mainway of the airport at Nandi, in the Fiji Islands, is now being used by jet airliners. Reconstruction of the airport is due to be finished early next year.

AIRPORT IN THE PACIFIC

Extending the Runways at Nandi Airport, in the Fiji Islands

One result of the new generation of high-speed jet airliners, which are now coming into service on various routes, is that runways have, in many instances, to be lengthened and strengthened. The American Boeing 707s and Douglas D.C.8s need these improved facilities because of their size and weight. One of the airfields which is undergoing reconstruction is Nandi, in the Fiji Islands. Because of the distance between Australia and New Zealand and other parts of the world, it is a vital matter for airlines to be able to use big, fast-flying jet airliners. Qantas has already expressed interest in the work being carried out in the United States on supersonic airliners capable of speeds up to 2,000 m.p.h.

Now that jet airliners can use Nandi, flying time across the Pacific has been cut by nearly a day. The first Boeing 707 landed at the airport in July, the date set by the member nations of the South Pacific Air Council. In order that this could be achieved, the contractors, Taylor Woodrow and D. B. Waite, had to work against the clock all the time. Reconstruction, which will cost about £2,500,000, began in August of 1958, and the airport was kept fully operational during the work. Some 300 Fijian and Indian workers laid on average 1,000 ft. of concrete each day for five months.

The main north-south runway, which was 6,700 ft. long by 150 ft. wide, has been extended by 3,700 ft. The addition consists of 14-in. thick concrete laid over a foundation. As well, the old runway has been strengthened by adding 8 ins. thickness of reinforced concrete. A new control tower and drainage system have been built and work is now proceeding on the east-west runway, taxi-ways and aprons round the new terminal buildings, and three miles of water mains.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION: A stage in the progress of work on the Nandi Airport shows the saw-tooth edge of the taxi-way pavement before it is joined into the main runway. The project is being carried out for the New Zealand Ministry of Works, in association with the Australian Department of Civil Aviation, by Taylor Woodrow (Overseas) Ltd., of London, and D. B. Waite, of Auckland, New Zealand. During the reconstruction the airport was kept open.

On left—

THE NEW CONTROL TOWER: The tiling in the centre is in orange and white and the top is dark blue. Besides the new tower, an extensive culvert and storm-water system has been constructed. The north - south runway has been extended by 3,700 ft. and strengthened. The preliminary work, started in 1958, consisted of a 450-ft.-long jetty built in Nandi Bay, by which nearly all equipment and materials were landed.

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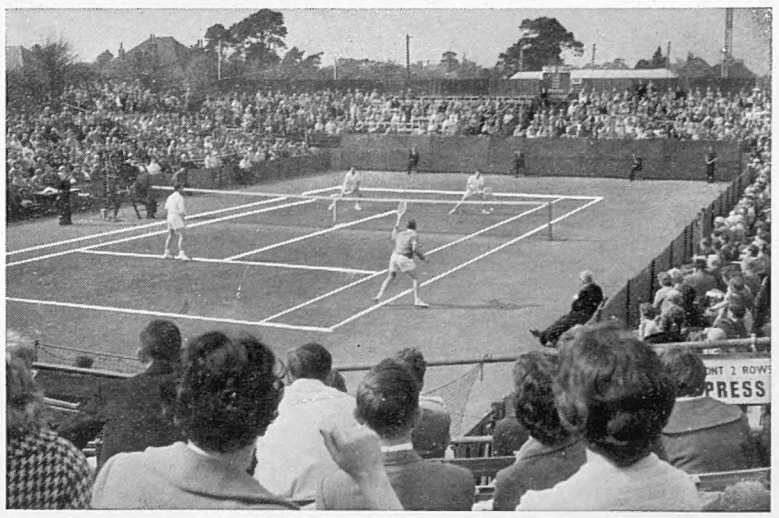

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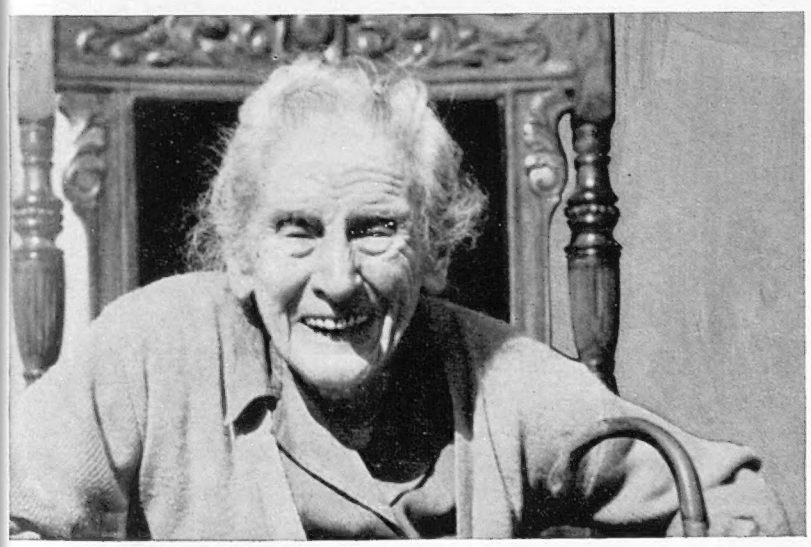

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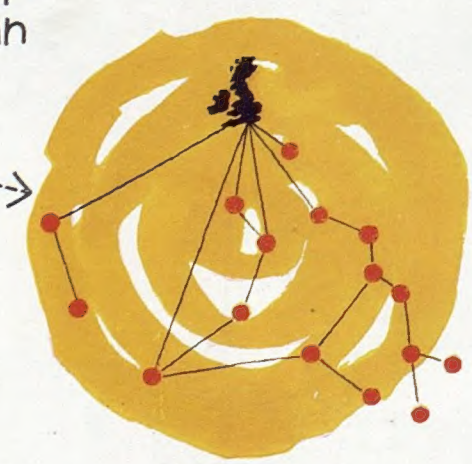

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